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CHRISTIANITY TRIUMPHANT.

ITS DEFENSIVE AND AGGRESSIVE

VICTORIES.

BY

JOHN P. NEWMAN, D.D., LL.D.

1826-1899.

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CHRISTIANITY TRIUMPHANT.

CHAPTER I.

ACHIEVEMENTS OF CHRISTIANITY.

NEVER before in the history of the Church have the assaults upon Christianity been more learned, more persistent, more malignant, than in the last decade. And these assaults were without apology. They had not the poor apology of the French atheists, whose atheism was a reaction from the corruption and tyranny of Romanism. They were without the excuse of the English deists, whose deism was the outcome of the immoralities of the Church and the State in the reign of Charles II. Ten years ago, when Christianity was filling Christian lands with her divine beneficence; when the clergy were pious, learned, and zealous; when the laity were devout, liberal, and abundant in their charities—then, without a reasonable provocation, but from sheer hatred of the truth and malignity against Christ and His Church, the infidels of Europe and America combined to overthrow the most intelligent and benevolent religion known to mankind. But these assaults have been as impotent and unsuccessful as would be an attempt to dam Niagara with a straw, or to check the march of a cyclone with a thread of gossamer. Out of the smoke

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and fire of the terrible battle the Church has emerged in triumph, and to-day she appears fairer, stronger, and more determined than ever in the past.

Let us recount her glorious victories.

She has achieved the triumph of a brilliant and successful defence. Had the assault upon Fort Sumter continued to the present time, and had the defence been equal to the attack, could not the Government of the United States, in the face of Europe and of all the world, rightfully claim a substantial victory? It has been even so with the Church of Jesus Christ. Her Fort Sumter remains untaken, and the flag of the Cross floats victoriously from her parapets. This bold and brazen attack upon Christianity has caused no apparent disaffection in the Church, and no perceptible secession from her ranks. Churches have not been sold, nor closed, nor abandoned; but, instead, houses of worship have been erected, at the rate of nine per day, during all these terrible years; and little less than 28,000 temples of piety have been consecrated to Christian worship in the United States during the last decade. This is more than a defence; it is a glorious advance.

The attendance on the preaching of the Gospel is larger now than ever before. A recent canvass of the churches in St. Louis on a bright Sabbath morning, and a corresponding canvass of the beer-gardens, theatres, and other places of amusement on that day, developed this astounding fact: that while only 8000 persons were found in all those places of amusement, not less than 92,000 attended the house of God. This extraordinary and gratifying fact is certified to by one of the leading journals of the Queen City of the West, whose editor instituted the investigation. Twice during the past season, when it was my fortune to preach at Saratoga, that

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summer city of Fashion, on each occasion the place of worship was filled to overflowing; and other beloved clergymen who officiated in that city were similarly favored with crowded congregations. When at the Katterskill, on the majestic mountains of the Hudson, out of three hundred guests at the hotel, two hundred and fifty attended morning service. At Ocean Grove, not less than ten thousand persons were present at divine service at each meeting during the series of ten days. The demand for new churches was never greater than at the present time. Of this fact our own Metropolitan City furnishes ample proof. The American people everywhere are more zealous and liberal than ever in rearing altars to the worship of the true and living God, and all this notwithstanding the violent assaults by the infidel foe.

The people of this country continue to express their faith in the lessons of wisdom, the examples of purity, and the deeds of charity, embraced in Christianity, by sending their children to the Sabbath-school. The childhood of the Republic is taught to receive the Bible as the Word of God. Nine millions of children, under the instruction of over a million of officers and teachers, compose the strength of the Sunday-school in America. Parents thus express an abiding confidence in the religion of our Lord, and demand for their offspring a religious education. They have been heedless of the bitter tirade of objection, of misrepresentation, and of abuse on the part of the foes of our holy religion. Surely the parentage of our country is on the side of Christ; and, whether true or false, the Christian religion is the foundation of their faith and practice.

Never before were Christian ministers in greater demand. There is no surplus. The common complaint is

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that ministers are scarce. The people are more than willing to employ men to teach them the precepts of Jesus. Eighty thousand Christian teachers are thus employed by the American people; and, if the average salary were five hundred dollars each, the aggregate sum of forty millions of dollars is strongly expressive of the faith and willingness of those who employ them. While it is true that some of them are inefficient, from lack of natural endowments, or acquirements, or devotion, and that not a few of them might be more successful in other employments, yet the rank and file of the ministry are godly, devoted, and learned men; and all this notwithstanding the infidel cry that clergymen are hirelings and the priests of superstition and error. But the church-going people of this land are not thus convinced.

More religious journals are published and read than ever before, and more religious books are now sold than at any previous period. The publications of one religious house, in the year 1881, aggregated in amount more than a million of dollars. In the last thirteen years that publishing establishment issued more than seven millions of volumes, and received over half a million of dollars for periodicals. The receipts of our religious publication houses in ten years—1870–80—were nearly forty-three millions of dollars. One Sunday-school paper—the *Teacher's Journal*—has an annual subscription of 123,000 copies, and the *Sunday-School Advocate* can boast of 200,000 subscribers. The demand is for books—for religious books. A people must be judged by its literature, and by this judgment we are willing that the present status of Christianity shall be adjudged. All the power of science, of literature, of eloquence, of poetry, and of philosophy, has been brought to bear against the Book of books. The Bible has been the objective point

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of assault. How to destroy the faith of the people in that venerable volume—how to convince them that its histories are unreliable, that its prophets were madmen, that its poets were fools, that its apostles were superstitious propagandists, and that its believers were dupes—has been the cherished purpose and plan of infidelity. Has it succeeded? What is the result? Let us appeal to facts and figures.

The annual report of the British and Foreign Bible Society presents, in one view, the immensity of the circulation of the Scriptures going on in all parts of the habitable globe. This one society has issued, during the past year, of Bibles, Testaments, and portions of each, nearly 10,000 a day, a total of 2,938,000; and from its organization, 93,053,000. Add to this the Hibernian Society's issues, 65,675; the issues of the National Society of Scotland, 468,775; and those of the American Bible Society, 1,524,773; and we have a total issue for the past year, by four great societies, of 4,989,-224 copies. To this must be added the issues of many smaller societies, of private enterprise, and the vast multitude of the Revised New Testaments, if we would compass the work of publishing the Scriptures as recorded in 1881 and 1882. This is simply prodigious, falling not much short of six and a half or seven million copies. But we do not get the full significance of this work till we follow the colporteurs of a great society like this into every nook and corner of the habitable globe—about three hundred scattered through Europe, and two hundred in the regions beyond. And to this still must be added similar agencies of many other societies. For example: in India the Vernacular Education Society has 158—eighteen more than the British and Foreign Bible Society. And yet again the wonder grows when

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we find that the Scriptures are published in two hundred and fifty languages or dialects, in three hundred and forty-five versions, more than four fifths of which have been prepared since the society was organized in 1804. So, the assertion we sometimes hear, that the Bible is losing its hold upon the people, is the emanation of shallow minds totally ignorant of the real facts in the case.

Do you say that these copies of the Bible were given away? It appears by the report of the American Bible Society that during the past year its receipts from the sale of Bibles and Testaments amounted to more than half a million of dollars. The people still buy the Bible!

We may judge of the faith and sincerity of any age by the amount of money annually given to the support of divine worship. Where people give intelligently and deliberately, it is fair to conclude that their heart is in the cause. Take a few facts: The Presbyterian Church, North and South, with 800,000 communicants, gave, in the year 1882, ten and a half millions of dollars. One branch of the Methodist Church—that known as the Methodist Episcopal—gave, in 1882, as its voluntary offerings for the support of religion, over seventeen millions of dollars. And this is the amount annually given. The religious denominations in the United States gave, for home and foreign missions, in the last ten years, fifty-six millions of dollars; and in the last twenty years, for missions—home and foreign—and for religious books, one hundred and sixty-three millions of dollars. This is significant; it is expressive of an abiding faith; it illustrates the strength of the religious convictions of the people of this great country. And Christian England can boast a like honorable record. Sixty-three English benevolent societies received, last year, twelve

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millions of dollars, and disbursed the same for the promulgation of the faith.

Let us turn our attention for a moment to the accessions to the churches during these last ten years of magnificent defence. From the proud boasts of infidels one would suppose that accessions had ceased. Look at some of these boasts :

"A general collapse of religious faith is at hand."

"The break between modern thought and intelligent faith has come."

"A moral interregnum is at hand."

"Spirituality is declining in the churches."

"Christianity is outgrown by the population."

Are these statements confirmed by facts? More than four millions of persons have been received into the Church of Christ in the last decade. And look for a moment at the Christian population of the world. In 1876 that population was three hundred and ninety-four millions. Four years thereafter it was four hundred and ten millions—an increase of sixteen millions. In the last eighty years it increased more than in the eighteen centuries previous to the year 1800. The increase was two hundred and ten millions. Since the Great Awakening, under Wesley and Whitefield and Edwards, it has gained two hundred and thirty millions ; and that in a little over a century and a half. In 1830 the populations under Christian governments were three hundred and eighty millions ; now they are more than seven hundred millions—an increase of over three hundred millions in fifty years. And this glorious showing is in the face of the most bitter and persistent opposition ever known, while the Church was compelled to act on the defensive.

Can infidelity, with all its boastings, make a corre-

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sponding showing? How many temples has it reared? Has it dedicated one? In all this great metropolis, of a million and a half of intelligent people, can it boast of a solitary regular convocation? It once had a shrine here, but that has disappeared from the face of the community. It once had a temple in Boston, but it fell under the sheriff's hammer. How many journals does it maintain? Can it point to one influential paper? And what of its literature? Has it publishing houses of which it might be proud? The books which it has printed, are they not a drug in the market? And what of its annual gatherings? Once a year the unbelievers assemble to give vent to their long pent-up grief that the world is still following Christ. This year they assembled at Rochester. Let us look into that convention. What a gathering! There was the dreamer of the impossible; the enthusiast, with more vim than means; the insane—just a little off, you know; the long-haired man and the short-haired woman—just to spite St. Paul; there was the woman who wants to be a man and the man who wants to be a woman, and whose elegant language is, "Why didn't chance make us tother than we are?" there was that craven, cadaverous curiosity-monger, whose very face is an interrogation point, and whose undying question is, "What's up?" there was the man with two establishments in a decent community, and who swears at the Saviour because He said that "In the beginning it was not so;" there were the free-lovers, who want the freedom of the brutes without their orderly instincts; there were the lackadaisical sentimentalists, whose only immortality is in a grandson, and whose only divinity is humanity; and there was the would-be scientist, who proudly boasted that through

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his noble veins flows the best blood of the orang-outang race. Such was the convention. Some one has compared it to Noah's Ark. No, Noah would not have admitted such a menagerie to his ark.

Would you have another view of the brilliant and successful defence made by the Church during the last decade? Let us review twelve significant facts.

1. The cry of the infidels has been, "Moses must go." Enthroned upon the summit of Sinai, amid supernatural displays of power and glory, he has swayed his sceptre of history and of law over the greatest and fairest nations of the globe. This was too much for infidel hate and pride. Moses must come down from his pre-eminence, and sit in the dust at their feet. They denied the correctness of his story of Creation, of his divisions of time, of God's successive creative acts, and of the isolated creation of man. But such has been the vigorous defence of Moses on the part of the Church that infidelity has furnished no satisfactory substitute for the Mosaic account of Creation. The astronomy of Galileo has been substituted and accepted for that of the old Ptolemaic notion of the heavens. Newton's theory of light has given place to that taught by Fresnel and Clark. Substitutes are not new things in the world of science. That which commends itself to the higher reason and to the truer thought of the scientific world, notwithstanding the venerableness of existing theories, is accepted as the law of authoritative analyses. But not so in this case. We are as far, if not farther, from accepting the unbeliever's scientific interpretation of Creation in opposition to Moses, as ever in the past.

2. And these learned unbelievers differ among themselves. Evolutionists demand a period of time so vast

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as not to be warranted by the latest deductions of geology. Science is pitted against science, and facts are arrayed against facts.

3. As many eminent scientists stand by Moses as those who are against him. There is contention in the councils of the enemy; there is confusion in their ranks. The battle waxes hot, and the signs of the times are that the Christian scientists will emerge victorious from the fight.

4. No university of eminent repute in Europe or America has changed its curriculum and excluded Moses. When Harvard and Yale, and Oxford and Cambridge change, then let the world change its opinion on this point. They hold to Moses. If, here and there, a professor is in opposition, he is not strong enough to produce a revolution.

5. The great scientific conventions, and the academies of science, have not given their unanimous verdict against Moses. If they do not cling to him, at least they hesitate to speak against him.

6. More books, with weightier arguments, have been published for Moses than against him.

7. Not a single theological seminary, or college, or university, under the control of the Protestant, Greek, or Catholic Church, has changed; but they all still hold to Moses.

8. The Church stands firm in all her pulpits, in all her Sunday-schools, in all her literature, on the side of Moses.

9. Ninety-nine per cent of her educated laymen continue to accept the story of Creation as given by Moses, and the one hundredth is against him out of sheer oddity. Were the ninety-nine to change their views he would then change his, and swear by Moses.

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10. The enemy has been compelled to make concessions. Whatever was the origin of man's body, two things have been conceded: that, after the production of that body, there was something superadded thereunto which we call the soul, and that all life comes from antecedent life.

11. The Church comes forth from the fight with immense spoils. She is an immeasurable gainer. Geology, chemistry, and biology confirm Bible statements. And, in the accepted fact that in the ape there is something of the man; that in the bird there is something of the ape; that in the reptile there is something of the bird; that in the fish there is something of the reptile; and that in the lowest organic form there is something of the next higher grade of organism, there is illustration in proof of the unity of creation—one God made them all. Where now are the men who said, "Moses must go"? Let us thank them for the aid unwittingly rendered to our cause.

We have also won a victory on the glorious battle-field of man's immortality. The unbeliever sought to cheat mankind out of the hope of heaven; but men continue to believe in, and dream on of a blissful immortality. In all this great city only one man of any note refused Christian burial, and he

> "A poor player
> That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
> And then is heard no more."

Men still wish a Christian minister to recite over their dead bodies those immortal lines: "I am the resurrection and the life." Never were there so many spiritualists as now, whose supreme faith in a future and conscious state of existence is a sublime fact. All the arguments

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against immortality have been met, and not a few of them turned against the foe. To illustrate: If mind is a molecule, if a molecule is indivisible then mind is indestructible. Let us thank them even for such facts.

12. Quickened to duty by those recent attacks and by the necessities of the hour, the Church is now leading in original discoveries. In the future the Church is to be the scientific world, and Jesus of Nazareth will be crowned the greatest of scientists. Such has been the magnificent defence of the Church in the last decade.

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CHAPTER II.

INFIDELITY AN INGLORIOUS FAILURE.

INFIDELITY has failed to hold its own. Let us take a definite period. Let us take the last hundred years. This is fair. We can appeal to historic records. What is the expression of that century, as stated by friend and foe? As we have said, it is the proud boast of the infidelity of to-day that "Christianity is outgrown by the population," and that "Spirituality is declining in the churches." Are these statements confirmed by facts? No doubt some are a little off, some doubters have been honest, some sceptics have been made. It would be surprising were it otherwise. But does this difference of opinion amount to a revolution? Has Christianity lost any of its vital power? Instead, has infidelity held its own during the last century? Let us appeal to facts and figures.

What was the condition of Christian faith, of religious devotion, and of public morals in this country a century ago? French atheism and English deism had flooded the continents with the writings of Voltaire, Rousseau, and Paine, and in thirteen years—from 1817 to 1830—six millions of volumes were sold or given away.

A reaction had taken place against the Church, which had been allied with political oppression. Men had failed to distinguish between Christianity, which is divine, and the Church, which is human. On the continent of Europe there was a universal shout for liberty.

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That European shout found an echo in America, but it was a response against a perverted church rather than against the most benevolent religion known to mankind. The founders of this Republic were not against Christianity, but against a political church. I must here enter my solemn protest against the violence done to history and to those illustrious men when it is asserted that all of them were unbelievers. Jefferson and Franklin are quoted as such, but the historic records prove the assertion false. I herewith give a copy of an autograph letter from Thomas Jefferson, the original of which I have seen. It was addressed to a lad who had been named after the immortal sage of Monticello :

Thomas Jefferson to Thomas Jefferson Grotjan.

" Your affectionate mother requests that I would address to you as a namesake something which might have a favorable influence on the course of life you have to run. Few words are necessary, with good dispositions on your part. Adore God, reverence and cherish your parents, love your neighbor as yourself, and your country more than life. Be just, be true, murmur not at the ways of Providence ; and the life into which you have entered will be the passage to one of eternal and ineffable bliss. And if to the dead it is permitted to care for the things of this world, every action of your life will come under my regard.

" Farewell.

" MONTICELLO, Jan. 10, '24."

And here is a copy of an autograph letter from Andrew Jackson on the same subject :

" Although requested by Mr. Grotjan, yet I can add nothing to the admirable advice given to his son by that virtuous patriot and enlightened statesman, Thomas Jefferson. The precious relic which he sent to the young child contains the purest morality and inculcates the noblest sentiments. I can only recommend a rigid adherence to them. They will carry him through life safely and

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respectably ; and what is far better, they will carry him through death triumphantly ; and we may humbly trust they will secure to all who in principle and practice adopt them, that crown of immortality described in the Holy Scriptures.

"ANDREW JACKSON.

"PHILADELPHIA, June 9, 1833."

Nor is it true that Benjamin Franklin can be numbered among the unbelievers. In the Constitutional Convention of 1787, when differences of opinion were rife, it was Franklin who introduced a motion for daily prayers, and supported that motion by the following powerful remarks :

"In the beginning of the contest with England, when we were sensible of danger, we had daily prayers in this room for the divine protection. *Our prayers, sir, were heard ;* and they were graciously answered. All of us who were engaged in the struggle must have observed frequent instances of a superintending Providence in our favor. To this kind Providence we owe this happy opportunity in peace for the means of establishing our future national felicity. *And have we now forgotten that powerful Friend, or do we imagine we no longer need His assistance?* I have lived, sir, a long time, and the longer I live the more convincing proofs I see of this truth : that *God governs in the affairs of men.* And, if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without His notice, is it probable that our empire can rise without His aid ? We have been assured, sir, in the Sacred Writings, that 'Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it.' I firmly believe this ; and I also believe that without His concurring aid we shall succeed in this political building no better than the builders of Babel ; we shall be divided by our little partial, local interests ; our projects will be confounded, and we ourselves shall become a reproach and a by-word down to future ages. And, what is worse, mankind may hereafter, from this unfortunate instance, despair of establishing government by human wisdom, and leave it to chance, war, and conquest. I therefore beg leave to move that henceforth prayers, imploring the assistance of Heaven and its blessings on our deliberations, be held in this assembly every

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morning before we proceed to business; and one or more of the clergy of this city be requested to officiate in that service."

Franklin is sometimes quoted as the patron of Paine's infidelity, but the following letter, which appears in Sparks' "Life and Works of Benjamin Franklin," vol. x. p. 281, shows how false is the aspersion:

"DEAR SIR: I have read your manuscript with some attention. By the argument it contains against a particular Providence, though you allow a general Providence, you strike at the foundations of all religion. For, without the belief in a Providence that takes cognizance of, guards and guides, and may favor particular persons, there is no motive to worship a Deity, to fear His displeasure or to pray for His protection. I will not enter into any discussion of your principles, though you seem to desire it. At present I shall only give you my opinion, that though your reasonings are subtle, and may prevail with some readers, yet you will not succeed so as to change the general sentiments of mankind on that subject, and the consequence of printing this piece will be a great deal of odium drawn upon yourself, mischief to you, and no benefit to others. *He that spits against the wind, spits in his own face.*

"But were you to succeed, do you imagine any good would be done by it? You yourself may find it easy to live a virtuous life without the assistance afforded by religon, you having a clear perception of the advantages of virtue and the disadvantages of vice, and possessing a strength of resolution sufficient to resist common temptations. But think how great a portion of mankind consists of weak and ignorant men and women, and of inexperienced, inconsiderate youth of both sexes, who have need of the motives of religion to restrain them from vice, to support their virtue, and retain them in the practice of it till it becomes *habitual*, which is the great point of its security.

"And perhaps you are indebted to her originally, that is, to your religious education, for the habits of virtue upon which you now justly value yourself. You might easily display your excellent talents of reasoning upon a less hazardous subject, and thereby obtain a rank with our most distinguished authors. For among

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us it is not necessary, as among the Hottentots, that a youth to be raised into the company of men should prove his manhood by beating his mother.

"I would advise you, therefore, not to attempt *unchaining the tiger*, but to *burn* this piece before it is seen by any other person; whereby you will save yourself a great deal of mortification by the enemies it may raise against you, and perhaps a good deal of *regret and repentance. If men are so wicked with religion, what would they be without it?* I intend this letter itself as a proof of my friendship, and thereby add no professions to it, but subscribe myself, Yours,

"B. FRANKLIN."

Yet it is true that there were many powerful and conspicuous infidels in the early days of the Republic; and Thomas Paine was the head and front of this offending. Largely through his influence infidelity gained the mastery. Infidel clubs, called *Illuminati*, were organized, and were the centre of infidel opinions. Dr. Dorchester, in his splendid work on "The Problem of Religious Progress," p. 182, quotes this description of one of those infidel clubs:

"They claimed the right to indulge in lasciviousness, and to recreate themselves as their propensities and appetites should dictate. Those who composed this association," says the writer, "were my neighbors; some of them were my schoolmates. I knew them well, both before and after they became members. I marked their conduct, and saw and knew their ends. Their number was about twenty men and seven females. . . . Of these, some were shot; some hung; some drowned; two destroyed themselves by intemperance, one of whom was eaten by dogs, and the other by hogs; one committed suicide; one fell from his horse and was killed; and one was struck with an axe and bled to death. . . . Joshua Miller was a teacher of infidelity, and was shot off a stolen horse by Colonel J. Woodhull. N. Miller, his brother, was shot off a log while he was playing at cards on first-day morning, by Zebed June, in a scouting party

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for robbers. Benjamin Kelley was shot off his horse by a boy, the son of the murdered, for the murder of one Clarke; he lay above ground until the crows picked his bones. J. Smith committed suicide by stabbing himself while he was imprisoned for crime. W. Smith was shot by B. Thorpe and others for robbery. S. T. betrayed his own confidential friend for five dollars; his friend was hung, and himself afterward was shot by D. Lancaster; said to be an accident. I heard the report of the gun and saw the blood. J. A. was shot by Michael Coleman, for robbing Abimel Young, in the very act. J. V. was shot by a company of militia. J. D., in one of his drunken fits, lay out, and was chilled to death. J. B. was hanged for stealing a horse. T. M. was shot by a Continental guard for not coming to when hailed by the guard. C. S. was hung for the murder of Major Nathaniel Strong. J. Smith and J. Vervellon were hung for robbing John Sackett. B. K. was hung for stealing clothes. One other individual, hung for murder. N. B. was drowned, after he and J. B. had been confined for stealing a large ox sent to General Washington, as a present, by a friend. W. T. and W. H. were drowned. C. C. hung himself. T. F., Jr., was shot by order of a court-martial, for desertion. A. S. was struck with an axe and bled to death. F. S. fell from his horse and was killed. W. Clark drank himself to death; he was eaten by the hogs before his bones were found, and they were known by his clothing. He was once a member of respectable standing in the Presbyterian Church. While he remained with them, and regarded their rules and regulations, he was exemplary, industrious, sober, and respectable; and not until he became an infidel did he become a vagabond. His bones, clothing, and jug were found in a cornfield belonging to John Coffee, and they were buried without a coffin. J. A., Sr., died in the woods, his rum-jug by his side. He was not found until a dog brought home one of his legs, which was identified by the stocking. His bones had been picked by animals. J. H., the last I shall mention in connection with that gang, died in a drunken fit. . . .

"The conduct of the females who associated with this gang was such as to illustrate its practical effects upon them. I shall only say that not one of them could or would pretend to know who were the fathers of their offspring. Perhaps hell itself could not produce more disgusting objects than were some of them."

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Speaking of the progress of infidelity in those days, Chancellor Kent—the greatest of American jurists—in his conversation with Governor Clinton, makes this record: "In my younger days there were very few professional men that were not infidels; or they were so far inclined to infidelity that they could not be called believers in the truth of the Bible."

In his "Old Churches and Families of Virginia," Bishop Meade remarks: "I can truly say that in every educated young man in Virginia whom I met, I expected to find a sceptic, if not an avowed unbeliever."

Lyman Beecher, in his Autobiography, asserts: "The boys who dressed flax in the barn read Tom Paine, and believed him."

Dr. Timothy Dwight's description of that period is sadly true:

"Striplings, scarcely fledged, suddenly found that the world had been involved in general darkness through the long succession of preceding ages, and that the light of wisdom had just begun to dawn upon the human race. All the science, all the information, that had been acquired before the last thirty or forty years stood, in their view, for nothing. Experience they boldly proclaimed a plodding instructress, who taught in manners, morals, and government, nothing but Abcedarian lessons, fitted only for children. Religion they discovered, on the one hand, to be a vision of dotards and nurses; and, on the other, a system of fraud and trick, imposed by priestcraft, for base purposes, upon the ignorant multitude. Revelation was found to be without authority or evidence, and moral obligation a cobweb, which might indeed entangle flies, but by which creatures of stronger wing nobly disdain to be confined. The world, they concluded to have been probably eternal, and matter the only existence. Man, they determined, sprang, like a mushroom, out of the earth by a chemical process; and the power of thinking, choice, and motivity were merely the result of elective affinities. . . . From France, Germany, and Great Britain the dregs of infidelity

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were vomited upon us. From the 'System de la Nature' and the 'Philosophical Dictionary' down to the 'Political Justice' of Godwin and the 'Age of Reason,' the whole mass of pollution was emptied upon this country. The last two publications flowed in upon us as a deluge. An enormous edition of the 'Age of Reason' was published in France and sent over to America, to be sold at a few pence per copy, and, where it could not be sold, to be given away."

In the Pastoral Letter issued in 1798 by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, the tocsin of alarm was sounded, and this earnest expostulation was made:

"When formidable innovations and convulsions in Europe threaten destruction to morals and religion; when scenes of devastation and bloodshed, unexampled in the history of modern nations, have convulsed the world; and when our own country is threatened with similar calamities, insensibility in us would be stupidity; silence would be criminal. . . . We desire to direct your awakened attention toward that bursting storm, which threatens to sweep before it the religious principles, institutions, and morals of our people. We are filled with deep concern and awful dread, while we announce it as our conviction that the eternal God has a controversy with our nation, and is about to visit us in his sore displeasure. . . . We perceive with pain and fearful apprehension a general dereliction of religious principle and practice among our fellow-citizens; a great departure from the faith and simple purity of manners for which our fathers were remarkable; a visible and prevailing impiety and contempt for the laws and institutions of religion; and an abounding infidelity, which, in many instances, tends to atheism itself."

In this alarming condition of things they say:

"A dissolution of religious society seems to be threatened by the supineness and inattention of many ministers and professors of Christianity."

"Formality and deadness, not to say hypocrisy, a contempt for vital godliness and the spirit of fervent piety, a desertion of the

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ordinances, or a cold and unprofitable attendance upon them, visibly pervaded every part of the Church."

"The profligacy and corruption of public morals have advanced with a progress proportioned to our declension in religion. Profaneness, pride, luxury, injustice, intemperance, lewdness, and every species of debauchery and loose indulgence, greatly abound."

And what must have been the condition of public morals when Jefferson could say of the Press: "Nothing now is believed which is seen in the newspapers. Truth itself becomes suspicious by being put into that polluted vehicle. The real extent of this state of misapprehension is known only to those who are in a condition to confront facts within their knowledge with the lies of the day."

This is an index finger. This illustrates how infidelity had seized the Press—that mighty engine of public opinion. But contrast the present with the past. Who will not say there has been a wonderful improvement? To the honor of the Metropolitan Press of this great city, let it be said that, during the recent infidel convention at Rochester, all our great daily journals not only condemned the purpose of the convention, but showed how futile must be all such attempts to overthrow the divine religion which had gained the good-will and assent of the people of our country.

One hundred years ago duelling was a national vice, and a duellist was elected Vice-President of the United States. Could such a candidate be elected in our day? Has not the Christian public sentiment of this country placed the duello under the ban of public condemnation? Then, profanity, intemperance, and Sabbath desecration held high carnival, while now all respectable citizens hold these vices in utter reprobation.

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Infidelity had permeated the American colleges, and a hundred years ago unbelief was rife therein. Yale was pervaded with scepticism, and in 1745 not five of her students were members of the Church. Students of the Senior Class felt proud to be called "Voltaire," "Diderot," "D'Alembert," "Rousseau," "Robespierre," and "Danton." Princeton College was no better. William and Mary College was called a hot-bed of infidelity. Transylvania University, in Kentucky, founded by the Presbyterians, was captured by the infidels.

Now behold the change in the college life of this Republic! Christianity has secured and retains a hold upon the intellect and culture of our age and nation.

In fifty years—from 1830 to 1880—the students in Christian colleges increased twice as much, relatively, as did the population of the country. Prior to 1800 there were twelve denominational and eight non-denominational colleges. In 1878 there were three hundred and twelve of the first class and sixty-four of the second class—a clear gain of three hundred as against fifty-six. Of the sixty-four non-denominational institutions, twenty-three were State universities, and more than half of them are to-day under the direction of Christian divines. As an expression of the Christian sentiment of this country, and of the fact that the religion of Jesus has not lost the control of higher education, it is a statistical fact that the property of the denominational colleges is valued at sixty-nine millions of dollars, while that of the non-denominational colleges is only twenty-one millions. Sixty-nine millions for Christian education! In the last seven years, Princeton has received through President McCosh one million four hundred thousand dollars in endowments.

In the last thirty years there were 31,000 students in

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our colleges, of whom 25,000 were in Christian institutions. In 1880, out of 12,000 college students in sixty-five colleges, over 6000 were church members. By a recent canvass it was ascertained that out of 1400 Harvard graduates who had left that venerable institution within the last ten years, only two were sceptics—one an atheist and one an agnostic—which means a know-nothing.

Where are the infidel colleges? The unbelievers have wealth and intelligence, but they have not had either the heart, or the benevolence, or the conviction, to consecrate a solitary college in the interest of their unbelief. They boast that science is the radical enemy of the religion of Jesus, and yet they have been unwilling to consecrate their wealth to accomplish the end! "Ye shall know them by their fruits."

Without intending the least reflection upon those noble people who are members of what are known as Liberal churches, yet, to illustrate the positive growth of evangelical religion in these States, let us turn to the increase of Evangelical churches over those devoted to Liberal doctrines. Eighty years ago, in and around Boston, and within a radius of ten miles, there were 23 Liberal churches and 18 Evangelical churches. Now, while there are there 81 of the former, there are 287 of the latter.

Infidelity has failed to organize noble charities. Under whose control are the great charities of the world—organized, systematic, munificently endowed? Are they not associated with Christian denominations? Christians lead in all these Godlike charities—for the blind, the deaf, the dumb, the insane, the idiotic, the paralytic, the inebriate, the widow and the orphan. Let infidelity wave all her banners, let her display her

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victories, and what do they amount to? The unbelievers boast of their benevolence; that the milk of human kindness flows through their veins; that they are the open enemies of superstition and ignorant idolatry; that they seek to emancipate the common intellect, to arouse the conscience, to respond to justice; they assert the brotherhood of man and the rights of all individuals; they pretend, in short, to seek the elevation of the race. But how many infidel missionaries have gone abroad to enlighten their pagan brethren? What have they done for China, Japan, and India? From their ardent professions of philanthropy, one would suppose that they would organize a band of heroic missionaries and send them wherever idolatry degrades and wherever superstition prevails. This is their duty; this is their profession. But instead of promoting virtue, they have propagated vice. They have flooded those pagan lands with obscene literature and obscene pictures. They have founded no schools of learning, nor houses of mercy, to elevate and bless their pagan brethren. But Christian men consecrate their millions for the conversion of the world. Heroic men and women, taking their lives in their hands, have gone into the very heart of the Dark Continent, have stood amid the eternal snows of the Himalayas, have endured the burning sun of the equator—have wandered wherever the human heart palpitates and the human soul aspires—to throw the light of a benevolent truth upon the pathway of those walking in darkness and in the shadow of death.

Infidelity has failed to reform the vicious, and to save the fallen. How many drunkards have the infidels reformed, and how many fallen women have they rescued? How many neglected children have they gathered into houses of mercy? How many Jerry McAuley

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Missions have they organized? When a sojourner in London I heard the testimony of the converted pugilist Bendigo. He said: "This is my third visit to the city. The first time I came, it was to whip Deaf Burke, and I whipped him. The second time I came, it was to whip Ben Caunt, and I whipped him. This time I come to whip the Devil, and I expect to whip him. When I was a miserable, debased drunkard, a Wesleyan revivalist came to Nottingham, where I lived, and I was induced to hear him preach. His first sermon was on the betrayal of Jesus by Judas and the ruffians of Jerusalem. When he described how those Jerusalem ruffians were pitching on that pure and innocent man, I felt that I would like to be there and clean them all out. The second sermon I heard was on the conversion of Saul the Tartar, and then I thought that if Jesus could save a Tartar He could save me. He did save me, and here I am to-day to testify to His saving power." How many Bendigos has infidelity thus saved? This man is only one of a million rescued every year and brought into honest and industrious Christian citizenship. And it is a fact not to be gainsaid that, notwithstanding the pomp and bluster of infidelity, it has furnished no self-sufficient and satisfactory substitute for Christianity. Infidelity has the torch to burn and destroy, but not the hammer and the trowel to build.

Infidelity has failed to answer the great arguments for Christianity. Miracles and prophecies still challenge contradiction. The unbelievers must first plough up and utterly obliterate the ruins of Egypt, of Babylon, of Nineveh, of Sidon, of Tyre, and of Jerusalem, before they can destroy the proof that comes from the lips of the holy prophets. Time and again, times without number, the objector's arguments have been answered;

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and to-day he is thrown upon the defensive and feels compelled to adopt Christian nomenclature to express his agnostic sentiments.

Viewed in the light of these facts, infidelity must be pronounced an inglorious failure.

It is not pretended that great changes have not taken place in the beliefs of mankind, especially as to dogmas. These changes, however, came not from the outside, but from the inside of the Church, and the purification of theology is not the putrefaction of Christianity.

Great changes in the statement of Truth have been made, but not in the fundamental truths themselves. There has been a liberation from arbitrary systems of teaching, but the essential truths abide, and mankind clings to them as dearer than life. Dr. Dorchester says:

"Striking to the core, we find them still cherished by the churches. Take the great working doctrines of Christianity, strip off the husks, and state them in their simple forms: there is a personal Deity; God is a sovereign; He is a being of infinite perfections; He is the ultimate source of life and being; a mysterious Threeness, so distinct as to justify the use of three distinct names and the personal pronouns, is united in the oneness of the Godhead; the Bible is the divinely inspired book; it is so inspired as to be the authoritative rule of faith and practice; the soul is immaterial and immortal; man is accountable to God; he is so depraved and weak as to need a Saviour; he must be spiritually changed in order to rise into harmony with holiness; whatever education or culture may do, the Holy Spirit is the efficient agent in effecting this change; supreme Deity was embodied in the personage Christ Jesus; the death of Christ and His resurrection is the sole basis of pardon and ground of hope for sinners; the effects of faith in Christ are the love of God shed abroad in the heart and a new life; Christ will personally come the second time; He will raise the dead; there will be a day of future general judgment, and a state of fixedness of character involving endless retribution and reward in the future world. These vital

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centres of the doctrines of Christianity are held, with little dissent, by all the denominations of evangelical Protestantism. The exceptions are exceedingly rare among men capable of constructing a system, and there is no prospect of a change in these essential elements. Christianity is losing nothing of its inherent original self—only that which human imperfection, subtlety, and folly have attached to it, trammelling and falsifying it."

I am satisfied, from a long observation of men who try to be unbelievers, that, underlying their unbelief, there is a latent conviction that, after all, Christianity may be true. On his death-bed an infidel requested to be buried by the side of his Christian wife and daughter, and when asked why, his response was, "If there be a resurrection of the righteous, they will get me up somehow or other, and take me with them." This little incident reveals the heart, tells the story of the longings of an immortal soul, and voices a common humanity.

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CHAPTER III.

THE CRIMINALITY OF INFIDELITY.

NINETEEN centuries ago the infidels of Jerusalem committed the highest crime known to the Universe. Having rejected all His teachings, all His miracles, all His virtues, they crucified the Son of God. History repeats itself in the infidels of New York, for they crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh, and put Him to an open shame.

The voice of warning comes thundering down the centuries. The impious imprecation of the murderers of Calvary has been realized. Cursed, scathed, scattered, they have been crushed and trampled beneath the heel of an unfeeling world. As it was madness in them to invoke the curse upon themselves, so it was barbarity to seek to entail it upon their posterity. Ostrich-like, they were hardened against their young. "His blood be upon us and upon our children," was an imprecation as audacious as it was reckless.

What happened once will occur again. The rejection of Christ now is the wild forfeiture of all the blessings which He bestows upon individuals, families, and nations. The law of cause and effect holds in morals as in physics. Results are inevitable. All that is grand in our civilization, all that is beneficent in our ethics, all that is saving in the Gospel, appeals to modern infidelity not to invoke His blood upon us. Nay, more: unborn childhood utters that appeal.

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That which weakens man's moral power to resist vice is a crime against society. To do that is to be at least accessory to the crime. It prepares the way for its commission.

Vice is destructive of all that we hold dear. Vice is destructive of life, property, chastity, patriotism, and happiness.

The power to resist temptation to vice is a variable force, which may be increased to the maximum—God; or decreased to the minimum—the Devil. That force may be reduced to nothing, either by the annihilation of the distinction between vice or virtue; or, by familiarity with vice; or, by destroying the conviction of the existence of a personal God, who has the power, and who will enforce His laws.

Call conscience what you please, it may be cultivated or neglected. There are three prime factors in an educated conscience: belief in a personal God, reverence for His laws, and dread of His displeasure. God is the supreme reason of virtue. Men may plead the eternal fitness, the greatest good, but back of these is God, the Creator, Proprietor, and Sovereign of all things. Because He has a proprietorship in man, He claims the right to dictate his conduct. No God, no authority for virtue; no God, no standard for virtue; no God, no definition of virtue; no God, no virtue. Without Him virtue is but an expediency, a social compact, a human stipulation to be enforced or broken at will. Virtue must be under the dominion of law, must be the expression of the legislative will of the Creator, whose right it is to command, whose power is potent to execute. To deny this is to place virtue under the dominion of the passions. There must be authority somewhere to say what virtue is; to demand of man,

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"Thou shalt." If I may not appropriate the property of another, I must know the authority of Him who says, "Thou shalt not steal." If I may not falsify truth, I must know by what authority it is said, "Thou shalt not lie."

There must be reverence for His laws and respect for His person, character, and authority. Hear His restraining power: "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." That is reverence for His will touching human conduct; and in this respect there is a dread of His displeasure. He is capable of displeasure, which He manifests by the execution of the penalties of His violated law. Like Hope and Love, Fear is a natural passion of the soul. By what power can you deter men from vice and crime? By the dread of the displeasure of good men. That displeasure is the result of their religious education. Do you plead the beneficence of public morals? That comes from the order and constitution of nature, whose author is God. Men may believe in that beneficence, but we have the present as more powerful than the future. Now teach them that future, both in this life and in the life to come, that in both worlds they will meet their God, and virtue will ensue from that belief. By what power are the dangerous classes in New York held in check? There are social elements here which await the tocsin of revolt; but those elements are held in check by the conviction that somewhere in this city is a force equal to the maintenance of law and order. Destroy that conviction, and New York would be in the hands of the mob. Convince the people that there is no God, and all that is vile and injurious would set at defiance all the claims of high morality.

Modern infidelity is an impious assertion that there is

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no power in the universe to punish vice. This diminishes the moral force of man to resist evil; for crime loses its character in a community by prevalence and assimilation. Bigamy is a virtue in Utah, and will be in New York, if infidelity prevails.

Infidelity subverts the very foundation of morals and elevates expediency to the dignity of law. All men are equals. Without God as its authoritative reason, morality is but a social compact; so that man will be virtuous or vicious as his passions incline. Are you willing to accept this alternative? Do you plead the beneficence of public morals? But where there is no God and no future, men will be governed by the present. Sometimes vice subserves present interests, as when a lie would save from martyrdom, or duplicity would save a citizen from poverty, or deception in trade would secure a fortune. But teach men their responsibility to their Creator, and that after this brief life they will stand before their Judge, and this very faith will transform them into men with the spirit and character of Moses, who had respect unto the recompense of reward. Rewards and punishments, administered by an infinite Being, appeal to the higher and better instincts of our nature. Just in proportion as men fail to practise the moral precepts of Christianity, crime increases in the land.

Now consider the destructive effect of unbelief upon Government, Commerce, and Home.

Government.—The manifold blessings of government to civilized society are conceded. The stability of government is either in a moral sentiment, or in a standing army. Force is necessary, and it is either moral or physical. It is God or a bayonet, the Bible or a Gatling gun, a pulpit or a rifle. If the force necessary to

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maintain government is physical, it is either military or legislative. In this country it is not military, as we have a standing army of less than twenty-five thousand men to a population of over fifty millions of people; and some persons believe that the millennium is so near that our regular army should be disbanded. Our police, in this city of a million and a half of people, is less than three thousand; and yet, in this great metropolis life, property and reputation are secure. The statesman attributes the stability and prosperity of society to the genius and power of law. He assumes that, inasmuch as vice flows from ignorance and poverty, virtue will issue from knowledge and competency; these from public justice, and public justice from an administration of government which is wise and liberal, but strong to execute and severe to punish. Yet all history is in proof that, while law may dictate, may guide, may conserve, it cannot prevent crime nor reform the vicious. This twofold power does not inhere in law, or in its penalties. Vice and virtue lie beyond the reach and scope of law, whether human or divine. All forms of government have failed to suppress vice and develop virtue. Under the worst forms of government the best men have lived —as the apostles under the Neros, the Waldenses under the Pontiffs, the Puritans under the Stuarts; and under the best forms of government the worst men have lived —as drunkards, murderers and traitors. Vice and virtue are independent of government. The statesman forgets that he has to deal with individuality, that he can operate only from without, whereas the evil lies within. Man is not a block of marble to yield to the chisel of the sculptor, but is a living force which resists external contact. Moral corruption precedes political ruin. The love of luxury, the love of wealth, and the love of power

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have been the destroying angels of the republics of earth. Moral sentiment lies back of constitutions, back of laws, back of administration. The political conscience which conserves the commonwealth comes from a religious education. D'Alembert has said there are two things which can reach the top of the pyramid of liberty—"the eagle and the reptile"—the eagle of Virtue and the reptile of Vice.

Let us judge of the future by the past. What was the effect of the wanton destruction of belief in a personal God—the supreme reason of virtue—in the time of the French Revolution? In the years 1792–93 France passed through all those social and political conditions such as centralization, despotism, revolution, anarchy, and crime. In the venerable Cathedral of Notre Dame, in the year 1793, the atheists of Paris made their public profession of atheism, and commemorated the act by the coronation of a painted harlot as the Goddess of Reason. Philosophers and demagogues, encyclopedists and pamphleteers, princes and subalterns, banded and leagued together to give organic structure to vice, and to elevate unbelief to the dignity of a virtue. What followed? Anarchy took the place of government; men of letters were proscribed and banished; patriots were murdered or exiled; churches were sacked, and their altars polluted; licentiousness held high carnival in the invaded homes of the first families of France; murder stalked abroad at high noon; the streets of that beautiful capital ran with human blood, and 14,000 persons were slain in the massacre of September; and in that savage slaughter lovely womanhood was despised. The amiable princess Lamballe was dragged, hideously mutilated, through the streets; the saintly Madame Elizabeth, in whom pity struggled with maiden shame, was compelled to bow her

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head to the fatal axe, and the heroic Madame Roland went to the scaffold exclaiming, "Liberty, O what crimes are committed in thy name!" The inhuman butchers marched in ghastly procession, carrying on spikes the heads of their decapitated victims, and as they marched they shouted, "Hang the merchants." In their atheistic fury the murderers changed the significance of words. Moderation meant treason; severity, patriotic devotion; atrocious cruelty, irregular justice; and, in the hour of riot and drunken delirium, out of that alembic of hell came forth all the infernal spirits of criminal infidelity.

Commerce.—The spirit that gives birth to such a hellish brood against government is no less destructive of the commercial prosperity of a country. Integrity is indispensable to successful commerce and trade. Honesty, in the employer and in the employé, is an absolute necessity. Business men must have confidence in each other. And let it be said to the honor of Christian virtue in our country, that, out of 25,000 men employed in banking, only one in a thousand proves dishonest in a year. Honesty is not a lost art. And to the honor of the Christian ministry let it be recorded that, out of 80,000 clergymen in America, not twelve failures in morals occur in a year. Christianity is on the side of honesty and faith. The royal precept is, "Be diligent in business, serving the Lord."

But the best principle infidelity has to offer to the commercial world is that "Honesty is the best policy." Nothing more, nothing higher; you are to be honest, not because it is right and duty, but because it is politic. The infidels offer the commercial world Policy for that divine precept, "Thou shalt not steal." They base commercial integrity on Policy; Christians base it on

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Conscience. I appeal to the men of business: Were you about to employ a young man, which of two young men would you select—an atheist, whose favorite companion authors are Voltaire, Rousseau, and Paine; or he whose model is Christ, and whose chosen companion authors are Paley, Addison, and Washington Irving? I appeal to you, merchants and bankers: Were you to write over the door of your store or your counting-house,

"THERE IS NO GOD,"

and

"DEATH IS AN ETERNAL SLEEP,"

in whom could you confide, and who would confide in you? And what further would follow? There would be no abhorrence of vice in either buyer or seller; the most potent incentive to virtue would be removed, and communism would demand your property. I do not say that every infidel is a communist, but I do say that every communist is an infidel. Honesty is duty, and Christianity makes it such.

HOME.—If unbelief is so disastrous to government and commerce, what are its blighting effects upon the households of our land? Home is the centre of happiness. For this the father toils, for this the mother prays. It is the inspiration of industry. Men and women who lose sight of domestic happiness are bereft of all that is noble. Home is the pivot of all that is beneficent in the State and salutary in the Church. As is the home, so is the Church and the nation. The family is the oldest of human institutions. The dearest relation on earth is that of husband and wife, and the strongest bond of that union is love. Parental care and filial affection are elements of a happy home.

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But, with a ruthless hand, infidelity strikes at the root of domestic bliss. It confers freedom on husband and wife, to find companionship in others by mutual consent, or by divorce. It inverts the eternal order of things. Instead of that holy passion known as love, which prefers one out of the many, the freethinker of to-day teaches benevolence to the whole human species, and love for no one in particular. He melts with tenderness for all mankind, and then sends his children to the hospital for foundlings. I do not say that all freethinkers are free-lovers, but it is true that all free-lovers are freethinkers, and they constitute the majority of unbelievers. Look at the authors they read. Rousseau, who offered to his Maker a polluted life; Chesterfield, whose salacious letters are repellent, and Bennett, who suffered incarceration for circulating through the mails his obscene literature—these are their favorite authors. It is infidelity which demands that the marriage ceremony shall be stripped of every religious element, and reduced to a civil rite, and that social affinities shall be the rule of action.

But Christianity teaches that the eternal order of nature is first the family and then the race; individual attachment between husband and wife, parent and child, and then to do good to all men; jurisdiction and control over the private affections, so that their indulgence shall not be detrimental to the home, nor destructive of the family tie. It is to our homes that Christ comes with His tenderest consolation. But infidelity would rob us of those consolations, and has nothing adequate to offer in return. Take these figures, as the highest commendation of Christian homes: In the families of 35 ministers there were 141 children, 15 years and over; in that number there were 89 professors of religion, 15 pious

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but not church members, 19 ministers, 33 upright citizens, and only 4 intemperate sons. In 172 Christian families there were 796 children, 15 years old and over, 450 of whom were professed Christians, 46 pious but not church members, 17 ministers, 284 reputable citizens without church connection, and only sixteen addicted to intemperance. Can infidelity, out of 207 families, wherein are 937 children of that age, make a showing so reputable and honorable as this?

Infidelity is robbery, inasmuch as it takes from man that which is honorable in itself, and offers as a substitute that which has no compensating power. The wanton destruction of an imaginary good, when harmless in itself, should not be permitted without a reasonable substitute. If Christ is an imaginary being, but the most perfect, beneficent, and lovely known to man, no attempt should be made to destroy our admiration and love for Him. Let me dwell in the presence of that glorious ideal. Let me bathe my spirit in the atmosphere that surrounds His memory. Let me be changed from glory to glory into His beautiful image.

If prayer is an imaginary solace to me in life's darkest hour, when communion with no other being would bring comfort to my heart, let me linger undisturbed at the Throne of Mercy and fancy that my complaint enters the ear of a Father divine, and that in answer thereto He breathes sweet peace upon my spirit. If God is an imaginary being, yet to me the Creator and Preserver of all things, the Supreme Ruler of Nature, in whose goodness and power I may trust, whose commands I am to obey, whose frown I am to dread, whose smile I am to covet, do not take Him from me, do not prove that He does not exist, do not tell me that I know Him not, but let me dream that He is. Are angels a fancy? There

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is a legend among the Irish peasants that, when a little child laughs in its sleep, the angels are whispering to it. It is a harmless legend, and he who proves it false, without furnishing a better substitute, commits robbery against childhood. Is the peaceful triumph that comes to the dying saint an imagination? Let him not be undeceived; let his departing soul mount on the wings of hope, and let the last accents of time be those of triumph to surviving friends. Is heaven a dream where the dead of earth are awaiting us, where pleasure never wears a fringe of woe, where youth is immortal, where happiness is eternal? Let me dream of such a heaven. He is a robber against my individual rights who takes from me that which imparts so much strength and consolation without giving me a reasonable substitute.

But Christianity is not an imaginary good. It is a sublime reality. All the proofs of high-born consciousness, all the deductions of the highest reason, all the decisions of the calmest judgment, all the experience and observation of the ages, are in proof that Christianity is a sublime reality. What substitute have infidels to offer? For God, a molecule; for Christ, Voltaire; for the consolations of Grace, human philosophy.

Suppose the unbeliever could accomplish his mighty work of destruction—the Cross trampled upon, the religion of Christ everywhere proscribed, churches demolished, Bibles burned, ministers banished, the Sabbath abolished and faith destroyed, what advantages will accrue to our country and to ourselves from the exchange? Absolutely none.

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CHAPTER IV.

GREAT CHRISTIANS *vs.* GREAT INFIDELS.

It is fair to judge of a system by its practical results. For, in this age, we ask what is the beneficence or the malevolence of any system of religious truth, or of any form of religious worship. It is proper to inquire into the character of the disciples it has produced. The question is, Are they made better by the conformity of their lives to certain rules of conduct? Or, Are they made worse by their beliefs? I am willing, at all times and under all circumstances, to have Christianity judged by the character and influence of the disciples which Christianity produces. So, on the other hand, I must judge of infidelity by the character and influence of the disciples which infidelity produces. "Ye shall know them by their fruits."

On a Sabbath night, in the Academy of Music, in the city of New York, three thousand men and a few women each paid a dollar admission to hear their Maker cursed and their Saviour ridiculed. The speaker was competent to the task. For a man could ridicule his mother, if he were mean enough to do it. This man found the buffoonery of infidelity profitable and clutched the "thirty pieces of silver." It was a brazen attempt to show that the glory of our civilization is due to impiety. Six well-known infidels were eulogized as the greatest reformers and benefactors.

It has been common to contrast the best infidels with

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the worst Christians. There is neither logic nor fairness in that. But, to be logical and consistent, let us compare the worst Christians with the worst infidels, and the best infidels with the best Christians.

I shall pass in reverent silence the "glorious company of the apostles," the "goodly fellowship of the prophets," and the "noble army of martyrs," and call to the front those great men whose faith and practice have made illustrious the last three hundred years. I shall place in conspicuous juxtaposition six eminent Christians against the six eminent infidels :

Washington *vs.* Julian.
Luther *vs.* Voltaire.
Newton *vs.* Spinoza.
Bacon *vs.* Diderot.
Chalmers *vs.* Hume.
Wesley *vs.* Paine.

Let us take Julian, the emperor, philosopher, soldier, and pontiff of the Pagans, who is the boast of the infidel world. I admit that his administration of the Roman Empire was marvellous, and that he fairly won the title of philosopher ; so that he comes down to us in history not only with the imperial purple on his shoulders and the royal diadem on his brow, but also crowned with the laurel chaplet of philosophic honor. But analyze his character. Say all you can in his favor, yet the loftiest eulogies will not cover his crimes. He was an ingrate ; he was an apostate ; he was a hypocrite. He had been preserved from massacre, cared for as an orphan, tenderly educated, invested with the title of Cæsar, and appointed to command the army of Gaul by his royal uncle, Constantius. But he conspired and rebelled

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against that uncle, permitted the soldiers to proclaim him emperor and to call him Augustus under a pretended sign from Jupiter, and then he hastened to seize the throne of the empire. He prided himself on his temperance, chastity, and clemency, but in person was as filthy as a Hindoo fakir. He apostatized from Christianity, and became the pontiff of the Pagan divinities. It is Gibbon who says that for ten years Julian played the hypocrite in assisting at Christian festivals, and then burning incense to Jupiter and Mars. And this he did to secure the popular favor of both Christians and Pagans. He offered sacrifices to the gods, believed in magic, and was superstitious to a crime. He issued an edict for religious toleration, and then banished Athanasius, destroyed those noble treatises which had been prepared in defence of Christianity, excluded Christians from all civil offices, from being teachers in the public schools, changed their name to "Nazarenes" by a royal edict, permitted their persecution, and then laughed at their complaints. He transferred the revenues of Christian churches to heathen priests, abolished Christian schools, and compelled Christians to build Pagan temples. From being a Christian, he became a Pagan, and sought to restore all the superstitions of Pagan worship. What permanent good has he been to mankind? Is he a benefactor who should be held up as a model for American youth?

Over against Julian the apostate we place the immortal Washington. He had all the temperance, chastity, and clemency of Julian, without his vices. His moral character was without a stain. His manly virtues blended into harmony like the colors in the Noachian rainbow. His intellect was clear and sound. He, too, was offered a crown by his soldiers, but he reiected it as a

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crime against the sacred cause for which he fought. The benedictions of a grateful people are the crown of his glory. His modesty, justice, and self-control were marvellous. He left the impress of his statesmanship upon our National Constitution. As a warrior, he fought for the liberty of all men; and to-day his name is hailed with acclamations of gratitude and delight wherever men struggle for freedom.

And in this connection I may say that it is a crime against history to assert that Jefferson and Franklin were brazen infidels.

As the author of the Declaration of Independence, Jefferson therein thrice reverently mentions the Creator as the "God of Nature," as the "Supreme Judge of the world," and as "Providence," wherein our fathers firmly trusted for "protection." That Declaration was the basis of our Constitution, and there is nothing in the latter not found in substance in the former. Jefferson was absent from the country when the Federal Constitution was drafted and adopted, and when he saw it he opposed it. In 1784 Congress appointed him Minister Plenipotentiary to act with Franklin and Adams in negotiating treaties of commerce and amity with foreign powers; and in 1785 he succeeded Franklin as Resident Minister at Paris, and did not return to America until September, 1789, reaching Virginia soon after the election of Washington as first President of the United States. The Federal Constitution, then recently adopted, did not meet his approval. He declared that he did not know whether the good or bad predominated; but subsequently he thought more favorably of it. It was not Jefferson who excluded the name of God from the Constitution. Jefferson had placed that holy name in the Declaration of Independence. That was recognition

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enough. Our fathers wisely framed for us a government which is non-religious, but not irreligious. It is non-religious, in that it does not interfere, directly or indirectly, in the faith or worship of the citizen. It is not irreligious, because it recognizes God in His sovereignty as Creator, as Judge, and heavenly Benefactor. God does not want His name written on parchments, but on the hearts of His people. The name of God was written all over the Jewish commonwealth, and such was the pretended reverence for one form of His adorable name, that its utterance was forbidden ; yet the Jews crucified the Son of God. The name of Christ was inscribed on every part of the Roman Empire under Constantine the Great and the Roman Pontiffs. Yet that vast empire, both political and ecclesiastical, has disappeared from the face of the earth. His precious name was emblazoned everywhere in France under the empire ; and if France did not go to the devil, the devil went to France.

Nor was Franklin a brazen infidel. If he and Jefferson had their doubts, their glorious acts bespeak their faith.

Voltaire, the brilliant Frenchman, whose eminent talents and ripe scholarship all acknowledge, lived from 1694 to 1778. He was a charming writer ; he wrote poetry, history, dramas, philosophy, and romance. He was the companion of kings and the favorite of the great. But his writings are against private virtue and public morality. His " Pucelle " is one continued sneer at virtue, which he made the subject of contempt and ribald laughter, and many parts of it are polluted with the grossest obscenities. Was he a patriot, the foe of tyrants ? Did he sometimes sympathize with the oppressed, and sometimes befriend the helpless ? Was he the enemy of the Jesuits, whom he lampooned with

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bitter irony? Did he favor religious toleration and weaken the power of Romanism? But he did only what thousands had done before him. And in all that he ever wrote he gave the world no new thought and threw no new light on the great problems of humanity. His name to-day is powerless for good. His self-esteem was inordinate, and his vanity knew no bounds. He was the clown of literature. He confounded a perverted Church with a divine Christianity, and sought the ruin of both. His private life was a scandal, even to his own corrupt age. When secretary to the Marquis Chateauneuf, at the Hague, in the United Provinces, he ruined the young daughter of Madame du Noyer, and was compelled to fly the Hague to escape the fury of an enraged mother. When he fled from Paris to escape the officers of the law, he found a retreat in Cirey, on the borders of Lorraine, where he was kindly received by M. Chatelet, whose hospitality he violated by a *liaison* with the wife of his host, the famous Madame Chatelet, and which continued while she lived, during sixteen years, and that, too, while her husband was yet alive. And he boasted that he was the favorite of Madame Pompadour before she became the favorite of Louis XV. Is he a man to be held up as a model to the young men of America? It was boastfully said that "he had done more for human liberty than any other man who had ever lived." What has he done? He precipitated the bloodiest revolution on record, which left France and all Europe in a tenfold worse condition. Did he oppose Romanism? He did only what had been done by mightier men. Three hundred and seventy years before his day, Wiclif was a martyr to religious liberty. Three hundred and twenty-one years prior to his time, Huss had died for the truth. Two hundred and forty years before the

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time of Voltaire, Savonarola offered himself as a sacrifice on the altar of freedom. These are the apostles of religious liberty. Who ever heard of an infidel dying a martyr? Infidels do not like a warm climate, either in this world or in the world to come.

Two hundred years before Voltaire's day Luther took up arms against the Church and the empire. He appeared when ignorance fell like a pall of death upon the nations of mediæval times; when degrading superstition had enkindled the wildest fanaticism and created the most terrific alarm; when the degeneracy of the age had turned the earth into a moral lazaretto; when priests were letterless and popes oppressors. Ascending the moral heavens like a flaming meteor, he dispelled the gloom of a night of a thousand years, and with the key seen in the visions of Patmos he unlocked the spiritual dungeons of the nations of the earth. With the self-reliance and heroism, the learning and piety, of a true reformer, he preached the divine gospel. His burning words fell upon the ear of astonished Europe, startling as the boom of a thousand cannon. Leo X. trembled on his throne, and the Reformation moved forward resistless as the march of a whirlwind. Had not Luther lived I could not have given such free expression to these sentiments as I have here; for Luther, and not Voltaire, must be esteemed the great apostle of religious liberty.

Spinoza, the pantheist, a Jew, was born in 1632. His intellect was brilliant, but the conclusion of all his reasoning was pantheism. His bold assertion was, "Whatever is, is God." He was a dreamer. His was a life of meditation spent in search of absolute principles, from which he hoped to deduce the character of the universe, of God, and of man. But what great truth has Spinoza given to the world? In what sense can he be esteemed

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a benefactor? Why should we enshrine him in the gratitude of our hearts?

In contrast with him I place Sir Isaac Newton, the devout and the imperishable. Born in 1642, ten years after Spinoza, Newton was a careful student of nature, and became her confidant and high-priest. Do you ask what Christian Newton did for his race? He discovered the "*differential calculus*," or *method of fluxions*. He made known the great law of universal gravitation, which Laplace pronounced "pre-eminent above all other productions of the human intellect." Of his transcendent power it is difficult to speak in terms of adequate admiration. Unlike Spinoza, Newton's great discoveries led him to a personal God, whose revealed will he gladly obeyed. In Parliament and out, under James II., he was the brave defender of civil and religious liberty. Spinoza led mankind into midnight; Newton led the world into midday.

What great service has Diderot rendered human liberty, that he should be paraded as an apostle of humanity? He was a talented and industrious writer, who vainly sought to compass all human knowledge, but who lacked both judgment and taste. His fame rests on his "Encyclopédie, ou Dictionnaire Raisonné des Sciences, des Arts, et des Metiers," in which he was assisted by D'Alembert, Voltaire, D'Holbach, and others. The covert object of this work was to teach infidelity under the guise of the advancement of knowledge, and to prepare the way for the French Revolution, which dissolved society and reddened the streets of Paris with human blood. He polluted the youthful mind of France by indecent novels. And his published correspondence with Voltaire and Grimm gives a gloomy picture of French morals. His private life was in keeping there-

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with. He abandoned his lawful wife, and formed an attachment, first with Madame Prieusieux, a fifth-rate scribbler, and then with Mlle. Voland, a woman of no repute. Such is the apostle of free thought presented to American society as a model of morality. But what great, imperishable thought has Diderot given to mankind? Does he boast of the French Revolution as the monument of his renown? That is a monument of blood, and as infamous as the pyramids of human skulls reared at Bagdad by Tamerlane—Timur the Lame.

But rising above him in glory is Francis Bacon, a living encyclopædia of fundamental principles, of great practical suggestions, and of philosophy the most beneficent. He was born in 1561, and died in 1626. He is the greatest benefactor in the republic of letters. The glory of his mind was his understanding, which, in its minuteness and vastness, was like the tent in story: "Fold it, and it seemed a toy in the hand of a lady; spread it, and the armies of the Sultan might repose beneath its shade." He called a halt to the philosophers of his day, and turned the corner in the march of learning. His inductive philosophy opened a new era in science, and his "Novum Organum Scientiarum" unlocked the secrets of nature. The chief end of his methods and researches was the well-being of society. To-day he stands among the greatest benefactors of mankind. As Macaulay says: "Lord Bacon laid the foundation of the edifice of learning broad and firm. Observation and experiment, facts and principles, common-sense and human happiness, utility and progress, were the magical words of his creed. His philosophy was humane in object and progressive in principle. He laid the foundation on which others were to rear the glorious superstructure of our own day. He predicted a new era; others discov-

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ered it. He pointed to the road; others have travelled it. The 'Atlantis' of Bacon is being realized, and the house of Solomon is now inhabited." It would be a difficult task to recount the beneficial results of ancient wisdom; but if we ask what are the fruits of the Baconian philosophy, we remind you of the answer of England's greatest historian: "The philosophy of Bacon has lengthened life; it has mitigated pain; it has given new securities to the mariner; it has furnished new arms to the warrior; it has spanned great rivers and estuaries with bridges of form unknown to our fathers; it has guided the thunderbolt innocuously from heaven to earth; it has lighted up the night with the splendor of the day; it has extended the range of the human vision; it has multiplied the power of the human muscle; it has accelerated motion; it has annihilated distance; it has facilitated intercourse, correspondence, all friendly offices, all despatch of business; it has enabled man to descend to the depths of the sea, to soar into the air, to penetrate securely into the noxious recesses of the earth, to traverse the land in cars which whirl along without horses, and the ocean in ships which sail against the wind: these are a part of its fruits, and of its first-fruits, for it is a philosophy which never rests, which has never attained it, which is never perfect. Its law is progress; a point which yesterday was invisible is its goal to-day, and will be its starting-point to-morrow."

Let us now place side by side two Scotchmen, David Hume and Thomas Chalmers, and see which is the true benefactor of his race? Living from 1711 to 1776, Hume was a great metaphysician and a vigorous writer. But he was a sceptic from early manhood, and chose for his life-work the mission of "Destroyer of Human Belief." His great object was to destroy the basis of all

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certainty respecting God, man, and nature, and to prove that Doubt is the sole inheritance of our race. He exalted reason, and falsely assumed that personal experience is the test of all religious belief. He called in question the testimony of the reliability of the senses, which underlies the whole system of the physical sciences. He assumed that it was more probable that twelve men without motive and against all worldly considerations would unite in a lie, than that Christ rose from the dead. He thus sought to create and perpetuate universal scepticism in morals and religion. By his philosophy he threw doubt over all history by depreciating the value of human testimony. He stands before us to-day as the brazen iconoclast, seeking the destruction of faith, which is the bond of domestic, commercial, and religious life. So bitter was he in his infidelity, that he became the apologist of Charles I., the calumniator of Cromwell, and the traducer of the Puritans; but additional light has shown that as an historian he was biased, and is not trustworthy. He had no sympathy with the religious element in our nature, and sought to leave the world in the uncertainties of unbelief. Can we esteem him a benefactor? Shall we crown him with glory? Is he to be numbered among the apostles of freedom?

But his countryman, Thomas Chalmers, awakens delight wherever his name is pronounced. Clear in intellect and ripe in scholarship, his contributions to the advancement of the physical sciences, his discourses on commercial integrity, and his efforts as a practical philanthropist render him the friend and favorite of his race. He was the defender of religious freedom, and was the first moderator of the Free Church of Scotland. It was not Hume, but it was Chalmers, who, by his Christian philanthropy, transformed the worst portion

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of Edinburgh into an earthly paradise of safety, purity, and industry.

Now let us place over against each other Paine and Wesley. Both were Englishmen, both lived in this country, both have exerted an influence on our national life. Which is the benefactor? Wesley was born in 1703; Paine was born in 1737.

Paine, a soldier of fortune, was an Englishman, an American, a Frenchman, as revolution and fortune promised the largest reward. He was a patriot of the type of the "Wandering Jew." He is remembered in our national history because of the eminence of his badness. His notoriety is due to the boldness of his infidelity, which has thrown a historical glamour about his name. He is remembered just as are Judas and André and Arnold. His infidelity placed him in bold contrast with the Christian fathers of our Republic. And were it not for this he would to-day be forgotten, as are hundreds of others identified with our Revolution. He was a vigorous writer, but gave to the world no new and beneficent thought. His "Rights of Man," written as a reply to Burke's "Reflections on the French Revolution," is but a restatement of other men's thoughts, and his "Age of Reason" is but a rehash of the sayings of earlier infidels, and has not the merit of a new idea, but has the demerit of ignorance and obscenity. What has been the effect of his life and works? What great charity did he establish? What beneficent truth did he originate? What great deed merits for him the gratitude of a nation? He was rewarded by the country far beyond his merits, and spent what he received in a dissolute old age. Is he a model for the young men of America?

But in sublime contrast let us recall the character, the

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life, and the elevating influence of Wesley, the ripe scholar, the great organizer, the fruitful writer, a true philanthropist, the amiable Christian. Paine died in 1809; Wesley died in 1791. Behold the results of their influence upon the character of this country. Gather together in some hippodrome all the infidels, all the free-lovers, all the communists, with an outside crowd of all who wish Christianity false, who despise the marriage tie, who pour contempt on law and order, who demand license instead of liberty, and you have the spiritual progeny which Paine has begotten. On the other hand, follow the sun in his golden course through the heavens, and wherever he shines there are the followers of Wesley in schools of learning, houses of mercy, halls of justice, marts of commerce, temples of piety, educating the ignorant, feeding the hungry, reforming the drunkard, lifting up the fallen, cheering the disconsolate, giving permanence to order, energy to law, dignity to public sentiment, stability to government, value to property, morality and piety to the people. Let the ten millions of Wesley's followers in this country, pious, cultured, wealthy, tell the benevolence of his life and character.

Do you wish to push the contrast further? I accept the challenge. What has infidelity done for the world? Has it an object? It is to destroy. It is nullification, repudiation, secession. It is the base attempt to throw off all obligation, to renounce all authority, contemn all law. Its advocates are called "freethinkers," who set themselves up as the infallible judges of truth, receiving only what they can comprehend, and only what suits their taste. Their standard of judgment, root and branch, fruit and flower, is supreme selfishness; their pretended object is the rescue of mankind from the fear

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of error and the melancholy of superstition; to deliver the world from the power of priestcraft, the burden of worship, and devotion paid to Jesus. This is a formidable pretence, but it is a pretence without a foundation. In Protestant Christianity the Christian is without fear, and free from melancholy; his devotion is a delight, and piety is a sublime reality; its ministers are learned and devout, while Christ is God over all, and blessed forever more. The infidel would pluck the crown from the Redeemer's brow, abolish the Sabbath, hush the chiming of the church-going bells, fire our sanctuaries, break down our altars, burn our Bibles, exile our pastors, overthrow civil government, abrogate the holy rite of marriage, annihilate the distinction between vice and virtue, open wide the floodgates of vice, plunge the world into the grave of despair, and consign humanity to the dungeons of the damned. We have nothing to hope from infidelity, but everything to dread.

But how divinely different is the object of Christianity! She comes to us like a pleasant-formed angel with her lessons of wisdom, her calls to virtue, and her rewards to piety. Like the king's daughter, all her garments smell of myrrh; like a beacon-light on some dangerous coast, she guides the mariner to a friendly port; like a good Samaritan, she lifts the wounded of earth and bears them to the inns of salvation; like the good physician, at her touch disease is dispelled and death paralyzed; like the angel of plenty, from whose footfalls rise harvest-fields waving their golden grain, she is the giver of every good and perfect gift. She dissipates ignorance and enlightens the mind; she abolishes violence and creates love; she destroys sin and induces righteousness; she mitigates sorrow and awakens joy; she conquers death and opens heaven to the blest.

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What has infidelity accomplished for mankind? What public virtue has it promoted? What science or art has it originated? What great charity has it established? What war has it averted? What system of idolatry has it subverted? How many slaves has it liberated? How many inebriates has it reclaimed? How many fallen women has it restored? How many souls has it redeemed? Whose death-bed has it cheered? Whose broken heart has it consoled?

I protest against infidelity, by the rosy hands of childhood clasped in prayer morning and night; by the tenderness and purity of womanhood; by the strength and aspirations of manhood.

Is prayer a delusion? I am content. Is the ministry of angels a fancy? Let me believe they kiss my cheek, and fan my weary brow with their wings of strength. Is immortality a dream? Let me dream on. Is Christ but human? Let me pay Him the homage of a devout heart. Is heaven but an imagination? Let me bathe my spirit in its glorious anticipations. Do I wander? It is in fields of light. Do I go astray? It is with the great and good of all ages.

Do you ask me what Christianity has done for our race? All the *original* discoveries in science, all the *original* inventions in art, are the work of Christian men. Infidels have made subordinate contributions thereunto, but they have not reached the grandeur of originality. Whatever is beneficent in every department of life may be traced directly to the great Christian masters of thought, to the great Christian masters of revelation, to the great Christian masters of charity, among mankind. It was the Christian Telemachus who was instrumental in abolishing the gladiatorial combats in Rome. He entered the arena of the grand old Coli-

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seum, which stands to-day as a magnificent monument of his Christian heroism, and threw himself between the two combatants, and though he fell a martyr, yet the following day the emperor issued an edict forever abolishing gladiatorial combats in Rome. It was the Christian Copernicus who gave us the true system of the stars. It was the Christian Gutenberg who gave to the world the art of printing, and the first book issued from the press was the Bible. It was the Christian Watt who gave to commerce steam as a motor power. It was the Christian Morse who gave us the telegraph, which has enabled us to transform land and sea into whispering galleries, so that thought is omnipresent. It was the Christian Howard who inaugurated organized charity. It was the Christian Wilberforce who abolished slavery in the British possessions, and after him the Christian Lincoln who abolished slavery in this country, and thus prepared the way for the other nations of Christendom to wipe out this inhuman curse from the escutcheon of national power and glory.

Infidels, wave your banners, bring on your victors, recount your triumphs, and for every victory I will name a hundred; for every infidel who has done anything for mankind, I will marshal a thousand Christian men and women from their thrones in glory, bearing their palms of victory.

Who, then, would be an unbeliever, in the face of history, in the face of these tremendous facts, in the face of the immorality of these men who are held up to us as the pioneers and expounders of infidelity? Who would not rather be associated with the great and good of all ages? Who would not ascend on pinions of creative genius with such a poet as Milton, and sing with the morning stars? Who would not soar with such a spirit

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as Sir Isaac Newton through the regions of everlasting light? Who would not penetrate the inner arcana of the universe with Francis Bacon and behold the secrets of the cosmos as revealed by his wondrous intellect? Who would not robe himself in the raiment of charity, and follow the footsteps of such a benefactor as Thomas Chalmers, going about doing good? Nay, who would not proudly claim companionship with William Wilberforce and Abraham Lincoln in striking off the last manacle from the forms of our fellow-beings who had been enslaved?

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CHAPTER V.

THE ELEVATION OF WOMAN.

How true and yet how strange it is that from time immemorial one half of the human race has been proscribed; that woman, so essential to its perpetuity, has been burdened with civil, and, I may say, religious disabilities, and degraded by social customs. This fact is the result of prejudice, which may be traced to many sources. There is no other reasonable explanation of such an unfortunate condition of things. But as Christianity becomes potential in the world, this prejudice gives way; these legal, social, and religious disabilities are removed, and woman is rising to her true intellectual and moral position in the world. This marvellous revolution has been wrought by and through the Bible.

The Jewish is the only ancient religion that was opposed to this proscription, and Christianity is the only modern religion that gives proper recognition to the rights of woman. The question therefore is, What has Christianity done for woman? The assertion is boldly made by unbelievers that woman's high social position in this country is due to her freedom from religious restraint. Let us decide this question by an appeal to historic facts. Let us see what was the condition of woman under Roman law, under early Teutonic sway, and under the oldest and best religions of the East; and then wherein has her condition been improved by Christianity.

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Let us take woman under Roman law. She had no voice in the government of the family. The father was the sole centre of authority. The children were not esteemed in the family of the mother, but in that of the father. The husband had supreme power over his wife's property. All that she had became his. By her marriage she lost all family rights, and could bequeath nothing to her own relatives. The Roman law esteemed her as a sister to her own children, and the adopted daughter of her husband. She was not his equal. He had over her the power of life and death. When accused of certain offences a court was convened, composed of her relatives, at which the husband presided, and which could inflict upon her the severest penalties. What was the reason for this degradation? Gaius said it was because of her "levity of mind." Cicero said it was because of her "infirmity of purpose." This is worse than nonsense; it is a crime. For there is no proof that woman has less strength of purpose and less gravity of mind than man.

Poets, orators, and satirists gave expression to the profound contempt of woman in her moral and intellectual aspect. Even the calm philosopher, Seneca, characterizes woman as a foolish, wild creature, incapable of self-control.

Roman marriage, in its consummation and in its dissolution, illustrated woman's sad condition. She married a master who had over her absolute control. Against this absolute control there came a reaction in favor of woman, under the name of "free marriage," through which the wife held property, observed her family connections, and worshipped her own gods; but this change led to the most appalling frequency of divorce. Noble-born women reckoned their years by the number of their

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husbands. Juvenal mentions a woman who had eight husbands in five years. Martial was provoked to say, "She who marries so often marries not at all." Tertullian represents divorce as the end of Roman marriage. Cicero repudiated his first wife Terentia to escape his creditors, by giving them the dower of his new wife, Publilia, whom he in turn repudiated.

Such was the social and legal condition of woman under the most magnificent civilization outside of Christendom, under a national life which created that jurisprudence which Justinian embodied in his Pandects, and which underlies, in its general principles, the civilization of the world. In a country where law was the boast of the people and the admiration of mankind, we might reasonably look for such a protection of the rights of woman as to reflect glory upon the age. But in vain do we search the legal records of the "Mistress of the World" for such a fact.

Now, what did Christianity do for woman through the modification of the Roman law? As soon as the religion of our Lord gained control in that empire, it created a new conception of woman's true position. Recall the wonderful changes made under Constantine, in the fourth century, and under Justinian in the sixth. By those changes the husband's absolute power was broken, the tutelage of woman was abolished, and she had rights in property. This was the beginning of the personal independence of woman, which is the glory of modern law and custom, and which has culminated in our present legislation.

To accomplish this Christianity had a desperate struggle. She had to contend against old customs and inveterate habits, but she triumphed. How splendid are these words of Justinian: "We enact, then, that all

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persons, so far as they can, should preserve chastity, which alone is able to present their souls with confidence before God."

There were three powerful causes which operated to elevate woman under Christianity. She became a recognized factor in the Church; she was among the most heroic of the blessed confessors who died at the stake, or in the arena of the Coliseum for the love of Christ; and the discipline in the early Church not only protected the sanctity of marriage, but recognized woman as the equal of man. How many illustrious names appear in history reflecting the exalted character of woman under the dispensation of the New Testament! It was Priscilla, more than any other human being, who laid the foundations of the Christian Church in Rome; and the magnificent basilica of St. Peter's, instead of being a monument to Julius II. and Leo X., or to Michael Angelo or Raphael, is the enduring monument of the Christian woman, Priscilla. And who does not remember Phœbe, that Grecian Christian lady who was the despatch-bearer of the inspired Epistles by St. Paul to the churches of Greece? And who does not recall St. Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great, and her eminent devotion to Christianity? It is to the enduring honor of Constantine that when he came to the throne he restored his mother to public favor and power. Constantius, his father, had repudiated her for Theodora, but the restoration of St. Helena was the noble expression of filial love under the power of a new religion. And it should be remembered that it was St. Helena who made a journey to the Holy Land, and rescued the Cave of the Nativity, and over it placed the splendid basilica which remains to this day; that it was St. Helena who discovered the supposed tomb of Christ in Jerusalem, and over it reared

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what is now known, and will be known in all the ages to come, as the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. And who does not recall Paula, that Roman princess who accompanied St. Jerome to Palestine and distributed her ample fortune in charities and devotions? These are the jewels in the crown of our Lord. These are the proofs of what Christianity has done for woman.

And what was the condition of woman under the old Teutonic tribes? True, she was revered, she was esteemed a prophetess in times of national peril; her virtue was estimated as priceless. The historian, Tacitus, never wearies in pronouncing eulogies upon the many virtues of the German wife and mother.

Yet it is an historic fact that among the Teutonic tribes polygamy was not unknown; that the husband could be an absolute tyrant; that he could put out the eyes and break the limbs of an unhappy wife.

In Teutonic marriages the woman was purchased like any other piece of property. She was a maiden to her lord, sat at his feet during his meals, and was the slave of his whims. A Teutonic tutelage gave the husband the right to sell, to punish, and to kill the wife of his bosom.

Happily for the world, Christianity permeated those Teutonic tribes before they were altogether corrupted by contact with the low Roman and Grecian civilizations. The religion of our Lord preserved whatever was good and modified whatever was evil. It threw its muniments of power around woman's priceless virtue; it preserved the reverence in which she had been held; nor did it detract from the confidence which the public placed in her in times of great and impending peril. More than this: it substituted monogamy for polygamy; it broke the absolute tyranny of the husband; it rescued

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woman from the public shambles and made her the equal and happy companion of her husband. And nowhere to-day outside of England is home such a sublime fact as in Germany. There and here the German husband and father is seen with the wife and mother and their children on all festive occasions. Do you tell me that with them he spends his time in beer-gardens? It is true. But this is better than the custom in this country for the polished American to leave wife and children at home and spend his nights amid the conviviality and gambling of a club-house.

And what is the condition of woman under the old religions of the East? Let us go to Japan, China, and India. Let us take woman there in her best estate, under the great religious teachers whose names are so honored in this country by certain persons. The great Confucius considered a woman no better than a slave, and as difficult to manage. "Ten daughters do not equal one son," he said. Here are some of his maxims: "When young she must obey her father and elder brother; when married she must obey her husband; when a widow she must obey her son. She must not marry a second time. She must never issue orders to those outside of her home. Her chief business is to prepare wine and food. She must not be known for good or evil beyond the threshold of her own apartments. She must not attend a funeral beyond the limits of her own State. She must not come to any conclusion on her own deliberation. There are five women who should not be taken in marriage: the daughter of a rebel, the daughter of a disorderly father, the daughter of parents whose grandchildren are criminals, the daughter of a leper, and a daughter who has lost her father and elder brother."

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Confucius gave these seven reasons to justify a man when he wanted to divorce his wife: "If she be childless; if she be unfaithful to her bridal vows; if she be jealous of the clothes of other women or of her husband; if she be dishonest; if she be sickly; if she disobey her mother-in-law; if she talk too much." How is that for high civilization? While in China you cannot buy a boy at any price, you can get a girl for a dime. The infanticide of girls in China and India is a common thing. In some provinces more than one third of the infant girls are annually murdered.

The great Buddha was not more favorable to women. He taught the monstrous notion of the transmigration of souls, and the only hope for woman was that she might turn to be a man some time or other; and the burden of the prayer of a Buddhistic woman is that she may be a man in the next world in good circumstances.

Nor does the famous Brahmin do better for woman. She is not permitted to read the holy Veda nor to offer prayer. She is soulless without man. The Shastas teach: She must revere her husband as she would a god. When in his presence she must keep her eyes upon him to receive his commands. When he speaks she must be quiet. If she speaks unkindly to him she must be divorced without delay, and when he is dead she must burn on his funeral pyre.

Nor did Mohammed hold woman in higher esteem. The Arabs say: "Women are the whips of the devil. Trust neither a king, nor a horse, nor a woman." In the Koran it is taught: "Men shall have the pre-eminence above women." When a son is born to a Moslem his neighbors congratulate him, but when a daughter is born to him he goes into the bazaars to receive the condolence of his friends.

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When a son is born,
He sleeps on a bed,
He is clothed in robes,
He plays with gems,
His cry is princely loud ;
But when a daughter is born,
She sleeps on the ground,
She is clothed with a wrapper,
She plays with a tile,
She is incapable either of evil or good ;
It is hers only to think of preparing wine and food,
And not giving any occasion of grief to her parents.

Now, by way of contrast, let us turn to the Bible. What is its idea of woman? She is man's equal. Her creation is as honorable as that of man. She was made to be his companion. The Arabs have a legend that before Eve's creation man was a perfect humanity, possessing strength, dignity, and courage, grace, gentleness, and beauty, but that after the mysterious rib was extracted man lost the grace, the gentleness, and the beauty, so that a man without a wife is only half a man.

In the Ten Commandments the Lord demands equality : "Honor thy father and thy mother." All of the Mosaic laws were essentially protective of woman. As a legislator Moses had to contend against polygamy, both simultaneous and successive, against concubinage and easy divorce, which were only too common. Throughout the East this social disorder was universal. Hence the courage of his legislation. His laws of marriage were at once preventive and protective. The Jewish law followed the girl into her apprenticeship, when she was compelled to support an indigent father, and it provided for her release at a given time, and protected her in her betrothal. It provided for the preservation of her family inheritance and the rights of her widowhood.

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And all the divorce laws enacted by Moses were in the interest of woman.

And what is the New Testament idea of marriage? It must be seriously considered. It must be loyally observed. It is a bond for life and death, which must be endured to sustain it. Purity and fidelity are demanded of both parties, and its final dissolution is justified by only one cause.

And how sublime the moral courage displayed by Christ in His elevation of woman against the social prejudices of His age! He recognized women among His followers. He made companions of them, as in Bethany. He treated them with tenderness and healed them with His power. He was brave enough to defend them against the assaults of their partners in crime. He remembered His mother when He was on the Cross. He sent a woman on the most important mission ever committed to a human being—to proclaim His triumphant resurrection. He restored marriage to its original state of purity. He recalled the beginning, when the first marriage was celebrated amid the fragrant bowers of Eden by Jehovah, the great High Priest. He opposed both kinds of polygamy—simultaneous and progressive.

He declared that marriage is a state rather than an act, an institution rather than a law. He said marriage is not a convenience, nor a business transaction, nor a personal contract merely. He said it is not a civil rite, but a religious institution. He declared it was ordained by the Almighty; hence neither an accident, nor a human device, nor a civil arrangement. He referred to the creation of the male and the female, to the equality of the sexes, to the care that childhood needed, and then threw around it the sanctity of religion.

Marriage has a threefold design: companionship,

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multiplication, and happiness. Its purity is demanded by the divine law. The relations of husband and wife are prescribed by inspiration. The duties of parents and children are defined, and family worship is required. Hence marriage is not a civil rite. It should originate in the Church, and be dissolved, if dissolved at all, by the State. All honor to the State of New York for her marriage laws; but New York has erred in one thing: in the celebration of marriage by those other than the ministers of religion. An eminent lawyer of my congregation has been gracious enough to furnish me a transcript of the laws of our State touching these points:

"For the purpose of being registered and authenticated according to the provisions of the title, marriages shall be solemnized only by the following persons:

"1. Ministers of the gospel and priests of every denomination.

"2. Judges of the county courts and justices of the peace.

"3. The mayor, recorders, and aldermen of cities."

Think of the solemnization of marriage by a New York alderman—by one whose brogue is still upon his lips; a New York alderman, whose shillalah is his crosier, solemnizing the holy rites of marriage!

St. Paul has been violently assailed because of his supposed degradation of woman. But woman has never had a truer and a nobler defender of her rights than he. In the fifth chapter of Ephesians he discourses at length upon the mutual and reciprocal duties of husband and wife: "Husbands love your wives, even as Christ also loved the Church, and gave Himself for it." "Wives, submit yourselves unto your husbands, as unto the Lord." "So ought men to love their wives as their own bodies. He that loveth his wife loveth himself, for no man ever hated his own flesh, but honoreth and cher-

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isheth it, even as the Lord the Church." There is an apparent harshness in the difference of these commands; yet the woman's task is easier than the man's, and withal carefully guarded. It is eminently proper that there should be one ruling will in a family, which by divine appointment is man's. Of old it was said: "Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee." But this submission is not a cringing servitude, a servile obedience to a lordly husband; but a recognition of his headship of the family, a gentle acquiescence in his decisions, a calm and dignified respect paid him who bears the image of God and whose representative he is. In this the Bible goes on the supposition of what man should be, and not what he is; and were he as he should be no pure and noble-minded woman would hesitate to render him this respect. But lest he should prove a tyrant she is to submit as unto the Lord, that is according to His law. Yet there is a limit to man's authority. He cannot compel her to do wrong. He may be profligate, but he cannot compel her to follow his example. He may be an infidel, but he cannot compel her to deny the Lord. He is bound to respect her rights of conscience and her feelings. He cannot compel her to neglect her filial duties, nor to disregard her own happiness. These are her reserved rights, not surrendered by the marriage contract. And what are the corresponding duties of the husband? "Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the Church and gave himself for it." This is all that woman's heart can wish. Love implies two things: to take delight in a person, and to render that person happy. And how much should a husband love his wife? "As Christ loved the Church, and gave Himself for it." The husband is to sacrifice himself for his wife if necessary.

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Such is the noble exhibition of the relative duties of husband and wife by St. Paul.

Our Lord pronounced judgment upon the social and domestic vices of His age, and sought the elevation of woman by declaring the indissolubleness of the marriage tie except for one cause. He did not recognize incompatibility of temper, or insanity, or fickleness of choice, as justifiable causes of divorce. He knew the necessity of giving permanence to marriage. He knew that other causes might justify a separation, as where the husband is brutal, or intemperate, or fails to support his family; but He does not give the right to remarry. And how essential and grand this truth! If marriage is not permanent, what will be the effect upon the childhood of the Republic? If marriage is a mere contract, to be dissolved at the pleasure of the parties, then farewell to home! It was Judge Story, that eminent jurist, who said, "Marriage appears to be something more than a mere contract. It is rather to be deemed an institution of society, founded upon the consent and contract of the parties; and in this view it has some peculiarities in its nature, character, operation, and extent of obligation, different from what belongs to ordinary contracts." The reason that would justify the dissolution of marriage at the will of the parties would also justify the violation of all other obligations. Here is the greatest danger to society.

Two things are needed in this country—namely, the enactment of a national marriage law and of a national law of divorce. The laws on these questions should be not diverse and local, but uniform and universal. Give us these and we will rescue home from the danger that now threatens it. Let us see to it that this subject is taken into consideration by the chief legislative body of

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this country ; for while hitherto the States have claimed as reserved rights the right to legislate on marriage and on divorce, it appears to me that these questions are radical in the welfare of the Republic, and that they rightfully belong to national legislation. And there is another thing that is imperatively demanded by the sanctity and permanence of marriage—namely, that the Territorial Government of Utah shall be abolished, and the administration of the affairs of that Territory placed under the direct control of the General Government, with authority in the President to appoint the officers, as is the case in the District of Columbia. The next bloody battle that will be fought in this country will be fought west of the Missouri River, with those fanatical, deluded foreigners who have no love for our institutions, when they become strong enough in numbers and in military power to again defy the Government of the United States. Let us take time by the forelock, crush out this iniquity, and obliterate this stain from the escutcheon of the Republic.

The American woman nearly occupies the position which Christianity seems to assign her. Her individuality is a recognized fact. She is a leader in all the great moral reforms of the day. She is the equal of man in personal rights. She has opportunities for development to qualify herself for all honorable positions.

Woman should be a Christian. All her influence should be on the side of Christ. The great struggle of Christianity has been to rescue her from her degradation, and to elevate her to her true position ; and it would only be gratitude on her part to accept the Lord as her personal Redeemer.

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CHAPTER VI.

HOME LIFE OF THE REPUBLIC.

THERE are three immutable things in this world—the Family, the Church and the State. Older than the Apostles, older than the Prophets, older than the Patriarchs is the family. Its divine origin is coeval with the race. It goes back to the beginning, when the first marriage ceremony was performed by the Almighty, the Great High Priest, amid the fragrant flowers of Eden. It was the crowning act of creation. It has descended to us through all the ages; it has existed in all nations, under all phases of civilization; it is the glory of Christendom, and the inspiration of humanity universal.

The divine division of the human race is not into individuals, but into families. The inspired genealogies are records of separate households, in each of which was named the first-born son; and so St. Luke has traced the genealogy of Christ from Joseph to Adam, and from Adam to God.

Paley has well said that "in the family are the rudiments of an empire." Had he been a republican, he would have said that "in the family are the rudiments of a republic." By divine appointment the father was the head of the family, the priest of the household. As the descendants of Adam multiplied, and the number of families increased, they assembled together as a people and offered their devotions to the living God. This was the origin of the Church. The right to rule and the

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duty to obey were inherent in the household, and for purposes of protection these two fundamental principles of government were in due time transferred to the aggregation of families, which form the State. As the Creator is more than the creature, the fountain more than the stream, the seed more than the plant, so the family is more than the Church, and more than the State. For these flow out of the family; and when the Church is scattered, when the State is dissolved, the family will remain—the unbroken bond of humanity, the enduring memorial of Eden.

What is home in its manifold relations? In its simplest sense, home is a place of abode. As such, it may be a place adorned with all the elegance that art can create, and all the luxury which wealth can procure; where the walls are adorned with pictures from the pencils of the old masters, and the niches are filled, and the pedestals crowned, by the mute but elegant marbles from the chisels of famous sculptors; where by day the light streams through curtains of rarest lace, and by night falls softly from golden chandeliers; where fountains send up their sparkling waters, and murmur their perennial music; where plants from every clime fill the conservatory with their beauty and fragrance; where birds from the tropics delight the eye with their gorgeous plumage, and enchant the ear with their ravishing song; and where the fruits of every zone, and the delicacies of each revolving season, tempt the appetite and delight the taste.

Or, home may be a place where happiness waits on honest industry; where comfort springs from competency rather than from affluence and luxury; where father and mother are the trees of the family garden, and merry children are the birds that sweetly sing in the

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branches thereof; where there are no sudden transitions from wealth to poverty or from poverty to wealth, but where the intelligent, industrious classes, which constitute the bone and sinew of the Republic, the support and strength of Church and State, have their abode; where the Bible spreads its banquet of wisdom and love, where prayer pours the desires and aspirations of the heart into the ear of the Eternal, and where praise wafts on high the gratitude of the soul; where tranquillity abides, where contentment dwells, and where love reigns supreme.

Or, home may be a place where wretchedness and want hold their ghastly revels; where bare floors, broken furniture, scanty fare, hard beds, and tattered garments are the symbols of distress; where the face never smiles but in the idiotic laugh of the drunken carousal; where love is consumed by perpetual hate; where parents are living examples of total depravity, and their children, born in sin and cradled in crime, are brought up for hell.

To one or other of these homes all men belong. As we stand in the marts of commerce, or in the great thoroughfares of the metropolis, and behold the surging tide of humanity as it rolls along its daily channels, we are startled with the thought that all these retire at night to one or other of those three homes; and then we have a sleeping city. What is more impressive than a sleeping city—where eyes and ears are closed, and lips are silent? —that strange symbol of death, a sleeping city! And with the morning comes the waking, and the multitude issues forth to its daily round of activity, the embodiment of the abode, to vitalize and ennoble, or to vitiate and disgrace society. Who can contemplate these facts without realizing that home is the most powerful factor in our civilized life?

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Home is also the scene of the dearest ties of earth. It is the scene of wedded love—that new-born love which is more than the love of David and Jonathan, more than the love of Damon and Pythias—wherein two bodies, two souls, and two lives are blended into one; wherein a new affection has been created by mutual choice and mutual preference, and around which revolve the most beautiful relations of humanity. The great fundamental principle of our religious faith is love; and is there on earth any scene more expressive of that essential principle than the ceremony at the marriage altar? For a woman—young, tender, beautiful, buoyant with bright anticipations of the future—to leave father and mother and give her body, her soul, and her life to the one man of her choice —this is love's sweet surrender. For a man—strong, brave, noble, full of high resolve and great endeavor—to link his destiny with that of the one woman of his choice —this is love's precious victory. And for these two to take each other, for better or worse, in sickness or health, in poverty or wealth, in honor or reproach, to the exclusion of all others, the fortunes of the one to be those of the other, even until death—this is love's blessed union. It is not the love of parent and child, but the love of husband and wife, that symbolizes the mutual and reciprocal affection between Christ and His Church.

Around this oldest of human institutions God has thrown the most solemn and impressive sanctions. Home is not only the scene of wedded love, but also the scene of mutual and reciprocal relations. And what are these relations—what are the obligations, the rights and the muniments of marriage?

The obligations are threefold: Voluntary, Monogamous, and Indissoluble.

The first of these obligations springs from choice.

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There should be no coercion, but always a calm, intelligent, deliberate choice, not instigated by passion, not created by love of position, not induced by a desire for wealth, but rather a deliberate preference on the part of each, and the mutual acceptance of each other. And therefore as a minister of religion I declare that love must be the inspiration of the choice; and while parents should always have due regard to the social circle into which their son or daughter ought to marry, yet the social position should be held subordinate to the supreme object of marriage—namely, the union of two wedded hearts. Romance, as well as history, is full of those terrible marriages wherein coercion has played the most important part, wherein love has been subordinated to the lucre that perishes, to the passion that consumes, to the honors that fade away; and she must be an insane mother who will lead to the bridal altar a daughter who is young, tender, innocent, unsuspecting, and unite her to some old rotten carcass of a man simply because he has wealth and social position.

The second of these obligations is monogamous—the union of two persons to the exclusion of the third. "Let every man have his own wife and every woman her own husband." A third party is not to be considered for a moment. There is to be no rival in any sense to share the affection of the man or the woman. He is to be supreme in her heart; she is to be supreme in his. There can be no third party without hell ensuing. And those citizens of this great metropolis who think that they can have a second establishment, and that in secret, and at the same time maintain the purity of wedded love, the integrity and dignity of married life, will come at last to the realization of the fact that they have sown to the wind and reaped the whirlwind. If there is anything

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that should be denounced from the pulpit in plain, unequivocal, and withering language, it is this presumption on the part of men who have risen to affluence that they can trample upon the sacred rights of marriage by duplicating their domestic relations, which is a crime against the theory of marriage, a crime against wife and children. Such a man should be reprobated, repudiated, exorcised. As Jesus Christ cast out the devils of old, so such a man should be cast out of decent society.

The third of these obligations is that the union is indissoluble. It is a union for life. "Until death doth us part" is the solemn vow taken by those who stand at the marriage altar. "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." There is but one cause that will justify the breaking of the bond of marriage with the right to remarry; and he who dissolves the bond of matrimony and remarries without that justifying cause is a criminal before God and society. There may be justifiable separation for other causes, but not the right to remarry.

And now, from the obligations let us turn to the rights. What are the rights flowing out of this fountain of human love? They are threefold—namely, Authority, Protection, and Reciprocity.

The question of inferiority does not inhere in the command of submission of the wife to the husband, but rather it is a question of authority. Our rulers are not necessarily our superiors. Under our form of government every man is equal to every other man before the law. We are all peers of the realm. But for the purposes of government it is necessary that authority should be vested somewhere. Hence certain citizens, our rulers, are invested with authority. So, for reasons best known to Himself, God has made the husband the depos-

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itary of domestic authority. But this authority does not imply the right to arbitrarily command the wife to do this or that. Rather, it relates to the support, happiness, and general control of the household. There should be no assumption of superiority on the part of the husband. The sacred writers do not assert that the husband is the superior of the wife. In acknowledging him as the head of the household she does not surrender her equality. Neither is the superior of the other; the question of equality is not mooted; but authority and obedience are beautifully blended, in harmony with the design of the Almighty.

While the husband is invested with this authority, the wife is entitled to protection. He is to be her defender, the defender of her life, her health, her reputation, and her family. He is to be her provider, the provider of her home, her food, her raiment, and whatever will render her happy in her person and happy in her home-life. But, sad to say, sometimes this natural relation is reversed. I have seen a tree, once majestic, but now decayed, rotten to the core, ready to fall, a melancholy shadow, as it were, of its former strength, and yet I have seen the ivy cling to it, and cover its hollow, rotten sides, as though its strength and growth were unimpaired. So it has been the sad but beautiful mission of some wives to cling to degenerated husbands to the last. And if there is heroism outside of heaven, if there is well-won eulogy to be pronounced on earth, it belongs to that self-sacrificing, self-abnegating woman who clings, as a faithful wife, to that rotten, disgraceful husband who has outraged all the noble attributes of manhood.

The third of these rights is reciprocity. There is to be a body for a body, a soul for a soul, a life for a life;

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there is to be mutual and reciprocal relations, in every particular, in the highest degree and to the last extremity.

And what are the muniments which the Almighty has thrown around this venerable institution? Its innocency, its honorableness, and the sanctions of law. All those who hie themselves to nunneries and monasteries, looking upon marriage as unworthy of their piety, forget what a terrible and unwarranted reflection they are casting upon the first institution created by the Almighty, which comes down to us venerable with time and surrounded with the sanction of the Creator. So, around this blessed institution are the sanctions of divine law, prescribing its duties, defining its relations, and offering promises which are the inspiration of those who enter the holy estate of wedded love.

Home is not only the place of abode, but it is the school of childhood. It is the model-room of life. Time with its cares may crowd out of our daily life the memories of childhood, yet its impressions will abide. Geologists can take us to sandstone formations reaching backward into the incalculable past, and there show us on what was once the bed of an ocean the marks of a ripple, the memorial of some small wave, and the marks of the rain-drop that fell on those plastic shores, and which the sun and the wind have perpetuated for our eyes to behold. So the ripples and rain-drops of tender childhood remain on the seashore of our life. It is a grand thought that the majority of Christians are from Christian homes. It is not true that the children of religious parents are worse than those of the irreligious. It were in flat contradiction of the laws of human nature, it would confound all the laws of psychology, were it so. And that old slander that the parson's children are the

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worst in the parish is not a fact, as is proved by authentic statistics.

The history of great men is the history of great mothers. Byron's mother was proud, ill-tempered, and violent; behold her son! Napoleon's mother was beautiful, energetic, and ambitious; and her son said of her, "It was my mother who first inspired me with a desire to be great." Sir Walter Scott's mother was a lover of poetry and painting; no marvel that her son is the greatest of Scotia's bards. Patrick Henry's mother was remarkable for her conversational powers; and her son is the American Demosthenes. Washington's mother was pure, true and pious; and her illustrious son exemplifies her virtues. John Quincy Adams's mother was distinguished for intelligence and piety; and her son said, "I owe all that I am to my mother." The mother of John Wesley was extraordinary for her intellectuality, piety, and executive ability; and she is justly called "the mother of Methodism." Benjamin West, that distinguished artist, ascribed his renown to a mother's kiss. When a youth he sketched his baby sister asleep in her cradle. In that rough outline his mother saw the evidence of genius, and in her maternal pride she kissed her son. In after life West was wont to say, "That kiss made me an artist." A mother's impressions have a resurrection in second childhood. Doctor Nott, so long president of Union College, relapsed into second childhood, and when restless he was easily quieted to sleep by Watts's cradle hymn,

"Hush my babe, lie still and slumber."

The last time he conducted family worship he forgot himself, and concluded with the well-known lines beginning,

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"Now I lay me down to sleep."

I do not wonder that Robert Hall said, "The family is the seminary of the social affections and the cradle of sensibility, where the first elements are acquired of that tenderness and humanity which cement mankind together, and were they entirely extinguished the whole fabric of social institutions would be dissolved."

From Christian homes come forth the saints of the Church. Recall Samuel and Jeremiah, and John the Baptist, who were sanctified from their birth. Good King Josiah knew the Lord when but eight years old. Timothy knew the Scriptures from a child. Polycarp died at the age of ninety-five, and had served the Lord eighty-six years; hence he was but nine when converted. Baxter embraced the Saviour when a youth, Jonathan Edwards at the age of seven, Isaac Watts at nine, Matthew Henry at eleven, and Robert Hall at twelve.

I do not wonder that the famous statesmen of all nations, as Draco, and Lycurgus, and Solon, and Napoleon, and Washington, gave attention to childhood. How precious the influence of mother! There is no velvet so soft as a mother's lap, no rose so sweet as a mother's cheek, no music so charming as a mother's voice.

What are the duties that we owe to our home life? They are three: Amiability, Contentment, and Devotion.

Society is a masquerade. Few persons appear abroad as they appear in the bosom of their family. When in society, the best of us are conscious of restraint; we measure our words and guard our actions. The proud assume an air of humility; the ambitious appear content; the passionate seem calm; the petulant, patient; the selfish, liberal; the austere, gentle and yielding. We

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do this from a desire for the good opinions of others. There is a restraining inspiration which springs from the presence of society. But amid the impenetrable secrecy of the household the maskers lay aside their disguise. There the "holy are holy, and the filthy are filthy." There nature is seen as it is. The motive to disguise has ceased to operate. The polished man in society is at home the uncouth husband and rough father. The sweet and elegant lady in company is the brawling wife and the scolding mother in the midst of her family. The amiable brother and gentle sister abroad are disagreeable and unkind to each other in the family circle.

But there are those who appear best at home. Careless about the empty plaudits of others, they are happiest when surrounded with the loved ones at home. There they shine as stars of the first magnitude, while in promiscuous assemblies their steady light is lost in the dazzle of fashion, or obscured by the mist of the unnatural excitement of others.

The family is the best place on earth for a man to sit in judgment on himself. It is next to the bar of God. There he sees himself as he will appear at the last day. We form false judgments of our character outside. Our friends flatter us; they tell us we are beautiful; that we are amiable, and kind, and gentle, and loving. But it is false, and no one knows its falsity better than ourselves. It is, therefore, in the household where the judgment of the last day begins, and we are in the presence of the invisible Judge.

Religion enables us to display the best traits of character amid the sanctities of the family. Some persons choose home to give vent to their spleen and to manifest their discontent. Rather do so where no one thinks enough of you to feel badly about it. If you have to

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thunder, do it away from the homestead; but when you enter the dear old house, have a calm there like the calm of heaven. Remember there is one at home that can be made to suffer as no one else in this wide world. If you have but one smile, save it for your wife. Every man should look well to the place of his death. He should be surrounded in his dying hours with associations that will recall the most pleasant recollections.

Next to amiability comes contentment. What a world of meaning there is in that old song,

> "Home, home—sweet, sweet home!
> Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

Doubtless society has its claims upon us, and common courtesy requires that we should exchange the ordinary civilities of life and mingle socially with our friends. There are outside amusements, refined and intelligent, which we may enjoy. But there are no enjoyments on earth which should be preferred exclusively to those of home. What a sham life is that where the domestic circle is nightly abandoned for places of popular amusement!

To make home attractive is the highest triumph of woman. What woman is there who would not prefer the honor of Washington's mother to the glory of Queen Elizabeth? She is to render home happy by physical comforts and by books, by music, by flowers, by delightful conversation, by the sweetness of her spirit and the gentleness of her deportment. Here is the true sphere of woman's influence. Not on thrones, not in legislative halls, not in short clothes, but at home. The guardian of infancy, the instructor of childhood, the companion of youth, the partner of manhood, the comforter of old age, is woman. Here let her diminish sorrow by

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her sympathy, heighten joy by her gayety, soothe by her tenderness, dignify by her intelligence, and elevate by her devotion. This is woman's part; it is man's to seek his highest happiness in such a home. And every true man would be proud of such a home, and with Goldsmith sing:

"In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amid these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting, by repose;
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amid the swains to show my book-learned skill,
Around my fire an evening-group to draw,
And tell of all I felt and all I saw;
And, as a hare, whom hound and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last."

And home should be made intensely religious. You may display the best traits of character in the family; you may be content with the refined and less excitable enjoyments of the household; yet without religion the family will be as a splendidly furnished parlor on a mid-winter's day, without a fire to cheer and comfort.

Family religion consists of two elements—the pervading spirit and the offering of devotion. The difference between the one and the other is too marked. There is such a difference between the prayers of acts and the prayers of lips. We should learn to distinguish devotion and godliness. The proud Pharisee offered his devotions, but had not godliness enough to justify him at home. The dominant spirit in the family circle should be religion; nor should it be antagonized by the love of

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wealth, or of display, by a desire to outdo, to outdress, to outshine others.

It is a great mistake to suppose that the prayers you offer morning and evening around your family altar make up family religion. Let us look to the influence that shall permeate and refine every temper, that shall give a holy fervency to every word that is uttered. And yet I do not intend to ignore family devotion; I intend to insist upon it. Alas for the house in which no prayer is heard; where the blessings of a kind Providence are bestowed, where the benedictions of the Almighty are showered upon the right hand and upon the left, and yet no voice of gratitude ascends to Him for these blessings! It seems to me that these unsheltered houses are like those of the Egyptians when the Israelites were about to be delivered. You remember the angel passed through Egypt, and whenever he came to a house on the door-post of which was the blood of the paschal lamb, the angel passed by, but when he came to a house not marked with the saving blood, the first-born of that house was slain. If the destroying angel should pass through our great city, how many families would be found unsheltered by prayer?

Family devotion flows, from necessity, out of the very constitution of the household. God is the author and sustainer of the family, the proprietor and benefactor thereof. Therefore His existence should be recognized and His goodness acknowledged in the family. The Bible is full of impressive examples. Jehovah revealed His secret touching the destruction of Sodom to Abraham, to whom He paid the compliment, "I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord to do justice and judgment." Thrice each day Daniel offered

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prayer in his own house in the city of Babylon. Paul said of Timothy, "From a youth thou hast known the Scriptures." And of Cornelius, the centurion, it is said that he "feared God with all his house."

How restraining are the gracious influences of family religion upon parents and children, and how precious these influences will be in the years to come! "Thy children shall rise up and call thee blessed." Do you say there is no positive command for family prayer? Is there a positive command to eat, or to take medicine, or to build churches, or that woman should commune and be baptized? Do you plead inability? Do you complain of press of other duties? Is your plea the want of confidence? Better by far so live that your children shall rise up and call you blessed.

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CHAPTER VII.

IMPURE LITERATURE.

CHRISTIANITY is the guardian of childhood. Youth is the chosen time to seek the Lord. "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth," "Train up a child in the way he should go," is the voice from the Old dispensation; and the voice from the New dispensation is, "Ye fathers, provoke not your children to wrath, but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." The most beautiful act in the life of Christ is when He took young children in His arms and blessed them. And why all this tender interest in childhood? As is the child, so will be the man. How vast the possibilities of childhood! In Rome there are two pictures painted by the same artist and representing the same person. One is the delineation of innocence, and the other that of guilt. The artist had seen a little child in all the beauty of pristine purity, and drew its charming features on the canvas. Years afterward in the streets of Rome he beheld a man with dishevelled hair and haggard countenance and tattered garments—the impersonation of crime. That man was once that lovely child. One of our saddest reflections is that all the criminals in our penitentiaries, all the Magdalens who have gone astray from the paths of virtue, were once innocent and beautiful children on the bosom of maternity. And it is among our most joyous reflections that all the men and women who have risen to distinction, who fill

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positions of trust and honor, who are ornaments in society and pillars in the Church of God, were once little children. Hence, who can wonder that so much of Holy Scripture is devoted to the proper training and development of the childhood of our race?

What are some of the weighty reasons why due attention should be given to the books our children read?

The young mind is on the alert to know, for its surroundings are new and novel. All that is familiar and old to us, is new and strange to children. The little child is a traveller in a new world. Some of you can recall the first time you visited foreign lands. What curiosity was excited! How novel everything appeared! How many were the questions you asked! To the citizens of those distant lands, who had grown familiar with the scenes surrounding them, they had little or no novelty; but to you, as a stranger and a traveller, every palace, and venerable church, and sacred shrine, and moss-clad tower, and famous battle-field, and scene of some wondrous deed that illuminates the page of history, was full of novelty and interest.

In this respect the child is not unlike yourself. The world of nature, familiar to you, is strange to the child, and excites its curiosity and wonder. The sun, that has shed its golden light upon our earth for sixty centuries; the moon, that has silvered earth and ocean since the Creation; the stars, that have jewelled the firmament since long before the wise men followed the Star of Bethlehem; the thunder, and the lightning, and the tornado, and the beautiful rainbow—these are among the many things in nature with which we are familiar, but which are new and marvellous to childhood. The prayer of childhood is, "Tell me a story." This infant appeal is not so much for amusement as for information;

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for the young mind is hungry to know, and finds pleasure in knowledge.

Mind must have material for thought. Both body and mind have growth. Food and knowledge are analogous; food for the body, thought for the mind. As the body would perish without nourishment, so the mind would languish without intelligence. Mind is a field, wherein will grow either weeds or grains. Mind is a studio, wherein will be found forms of beauty or objects of deformity. Mind is a builder, and the habitation that it rears will be either a palace or a hovel. What the mulberry-leaves are to the silkworm, which feeds upon them, so is thought to the mind. Mind must have thought, whether good or bad. The companionship of thought is as real as the companionship of men. Should we exercise care in the choice of those with whom we associate, because of their influence in moulding our characters and guiding our destiny? So we should watch over the character of the thoughts with which we hold constant communion.

There are three sources of thought—namely, Observation, Reflection, and Communication. The last should be subdivided into Conversation and Books. Our first mental impressions are received through the senses—through eye, and ear, and lip, and nerve. Out of these impressions the imagination weaves new forms of mental being, and by its magic power of combination it creates the new out of the old. The furniture of the mind comes largely from conversation, but books are the material for reflection. They stimulate thought. Thought is the parent of power. It moulds the man, and gives direction to his life. It has the sweep and sway of power that belongs neither to the sword nor to the sceptre. Take two great contemporaries, one a

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philosopher and the other a warrior, one the master and the other the pupil; and behold the difference! Alexander the Great carried his victorious banner to the very banks of the Indus, but his empire has faded from the vision of mankind. Aristotle carried his victorious banner into all the realms of knowledge, and to-day he sways his mental sceptre over the opinions of the civilized world.

What shall the thought of childhood be? What shall the books of childhood be? There is intimate companionship in books. Show me a man's books, and I will show you the man himself.

And what is the relative effect of good and of bad books upon their respective readers? Take the criminal classes of our great city, especially those between the ages of seven and twenty, and you will find that the majority of them have been under the influence of impure literature. Out of 3813 inmates of our Houses of Refuge, between the ages of sixteen and seventeen, nearly all who could read were readers of dime novels. Seven eighths of all the inmates of our Juvenile Asylum were under the same baneful influence. Jesse Pomeroy confessed that, before he committed his horrid crime, he had read not less than sixty dime novels. Who was not lately startled by the story of the son of a Mississippi judge who was found guilty of murder? In his sunny South, amid his beautiful savannahs, he had read the stories of criminal adventures, and his parents had not disapproved of this kind of literature. He was thrilled with a desire for freedom; he fled from the parental roof; he plunged into Mexico; he returned to Texas, and thence to New England, where the once innocent, manly, and fascinating youth, corrupted by impure fiction, committed the greatest crime known to the law.

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The New York *Sun* of November 12th, 1883, published the following:

HE READ DIME NOVELS,

AND ORGANIZED A SOCIETY THAT ISSUED DEATH-WARRANTS TO ITS ENEMIES.

CLEVELAND, November 11. — Bertie Gaylord, aged fourteen years, is missing from his home in this city. His parents live in Arlington Street, an aristocratic quarter. The lad disappeared a week ago, taking with him two revolvers. His departure was the direct result of reading cheap literature. An examination of the papers left behind him shows that about four weeks ago he organized a secret society called the "Society of the Silver Skulls." It had a membership of about ten boys, whose ages ranged from eleven to fifteen years. Their meetings and initiatory ceremonies were held in a barn on Arlington Street. The following is the oath each candidate had to take before he became a member. It is in the handwriting of young Gaylord:

"Cursed be friendship. Cursed be fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers. May the offspring of ourselves canker, blister, and decay upon its dying mother's breast; may the blood of each breed pestiferous plagues; may the hair of each fall from his head, the teeth crumble in his jaws, the brain rot in his skull, the eyes canker and fall from their sockets, and the fingers grow palsied if we ever betray the secrets of the Skulls. So do you swear. Death to our enemies. Life to the Skulls."

Jason Caskey is a young lad who in some way incurred the displeasure of "The Skulls." Two weeks ago his death-warrant was sent to him. It is written in red ink to signify blood. At the top of the paper is a grinning skull and cross-bones, and directly below it is a bloody hand, with the word "Death" written in it. Underneath is the following:

"JASON CASKEY: One month from to-night, November 2d, if you do not join us, you will receive your death-warrant, and two days from then your death. By order of THE SKULLS."

Take the statistics of youthful criminals in the city of New York for six months. How startling are the

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facts! Their ages were from seven to twenty: Nineteen committed murder, 50 attempted murder, 100 were guilty of burglary, 32 of highway robbery, 35 of grand larceny and 93 of larceny; 19 were drunkards, 16 were suicides, 12 attempted suicide, 11 were murdered, while others were guilty of train-wrecking, of arson, of forgery, of counterfeiting, of picking pockets, of manslaughter, of conspiracy to kill, of mail robbery, and of malicious mischief—in all 441 youthful criminals.

Now let us turn our attention to some of these impure publications, and to the extent of their circulation. It is said that there are six hundred thousand copies of story papers for the young published weekly in the city of New York. Three of our metropolitan publishers have issued 670 different trashy story-books and periodicals. Let us look over the contents of one of these weekly papers, "A Story Paper." How attractive to the young! Here are some of the contents of a single number:

"A conspiracy against a school-girl."

"One girl hired to personate a rich girl, and marry a villain in her stead."

"A beautiful girl, by lying deceit, seeks to captivate one whom she loves."

"Six assaults upon an officer while resisting arrests."

"A conspiracy against an officer to prevent the arrest of a criminal."

"A man murdered by masked burglars."

"A woman who died in New York comes to life in Italy."

"Two attempted assassinations."

"One confidence operator at work to swindle a stranger."

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"An assault on the highway."

"A hired assassin."

"One babe stolen to substitute for another."

"One case of clandestine correspondence, and meetings between a girl and her lover."

"A girl running away at night marries to hide her shame."

And then, as a compensation:

"A sermon from a celebrated Brooklyn divine."

As though a Brooklyn sermon could save any man, better than any other sermon. Two columns of a sermon, to offset thirty-four columns of diabolical trash, designed to corrupt the childhood of the Republic.

And as to the author, what must be the moral turpitude, the utter filthiness, of the mind of man or woman through which is weekly filtered such mental putrefaction? Do not tell me of sources of rotten fens, or malarious marshes; there is nothing on earth that can compare to the detestable filthiness of the mind of such an author.

But let us turn to what claims to be a more respectable source of literature—namely, our daily papers, our metropolitan journals, owned by respectable and church-going citizens, and edited by scholarly gentlemen, with whom it is always a pleasure to meet. Yet what a banquet of crimes do they serve up to us every morning! Murder, theft, arson, abduction, adultery, divorce. It were enough to say that one brute had killed another; that a wretch had violated his marriage vows; that a man, bereft of honor and virtue, had committed depredations upon the property of another. But the mere statement of facts seems not to be sufficient. The details are given by an artist's hand. Reporters are scholars; they are university men; they are nothing unless

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they are artists ; they must give the details of crime in sensational descriptions. The effect of all this is to gild crime, to induce a recklessness of life, to cheapen female virtue, to inspire the young with a desire to be a hero in crime. Your children read these papers. They could not learn more of crime were they the associates of the criminals themselves. Indeed, it were far better for them to be the associates of such criminals, for then they would see the hideousness of vice, of a criminal life, in the debauched physique, in the bloody encounters, and in the scenes which follow. But now their thoughts become their criminal companions, and the glamour of romance is thrown around these terrible deeds.

In your intense business life you read what is necessary for your information of passing events, and leave these papers to fall into the hands of your children. What they read becomes the subject of conversation with their school and street companions, and thus a new edition of the story of the crime is issued.

When will public opinion demand a reformation in American journalism to exclude whatever is offensive to refined taste and corrupting to the sensibilities of the young ?

Now let us turn our attention to the dime novel. I do not object to fiction as the vehicle of entertainment and instruction. Fiction is truth taught through the imagination. Individuals are brought into such relative positions as to develop sentiment and passion. How great the pleasure given by a work of pure fiction wherein the highest order of genius is displayed in the conception of the plot, in the arrangement of the incidents, and in the development of the story up to the denouement, but never violating the actualities of human

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life! Who does not recall the pleasure of reading Scott, and Thackeray, and Dickens? Who has not been fired with indignation, and excited with merriment, as he has read the satirists and humorists of the past and of the present? Bunyan wrote fiction. There is fiction in the Bible. Some of the parables of our Lord are suppositions, the creations of His divine imagination to illustrate what might be.

Some saints may be quaking under the assertion that their pastor believes in fiction. If so, let them quake until they are rid of their bigotry, and can rise to the appreciation of this class of literature, which has been so potent in the vindication of truth.

But there is a difference between the novel and novel reading. One is the style of instruction, and the other may be a mental habit. The habitual novel-reader surrenders his mind and life to fiction which dwarfs the mind, which is a perpetual appeal to the emotions, and which leads to levity of life, levity of motive, levity of feeling. The habitual novel reader abandons himself to the wild play of the imagination, dwells on beautiful forms never realized, does violence to the relation of the emotions to conduct, and violates the law of means to ends. "Ignorance is bliss." There should not be a doubt of this proposition; and an uninformed mind is preferable to one that has become a monstrosity through the reading of fiction.

And what is the duty of parents in the intellectual training of their children? To study the trend of their minds, and to furnish them with proper books—books of love, of romance, of adventure, of sport, of fun. Do not dose them with stupid religious books. Keep from them the sensational novel, which inflames the imagination. Keep from them the stories of criminals who are

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idealized into heroes. Keep from them the record of sympathetic jurors weeping over some magdalen. As there are evils of the intellect which should be avoided, so there are amusements of the intellect which should be furnished; for such amusements are the antidote of criminal indulgence.

There is nothing in the whole realm of even the best fiction that is more interesting and exciting than the adventures of explorers, the scenes of foreign travel, the abstract truths of science, brought down to the comprehension of the common mind and delineated with genuine enchantment. What intellectual pleasure there is to be found in poetry, whether epic or pastoral, whether sacred or secular! Nothing in romance is more thrilling, whether to child or man, than the histories of nations written by modern scholars. What splendid books have been produced on every department of nature—on the habits of animals, on the characteristics of flowers, on the peculiarities of trees! It only requires a little attention on the part of parents to furnish their children with books which will at once entertain and instruct.

Because of the baneful influence on childhood of certain vicious books, parents should converse with their children on topics which, from a mistaken modesty, are usually avoided. Children will soon learn the nature of these topics. Their imagination will throw a false light upon the forbidden subject, and that light will be intensified by bad books. The father should make a companion of his son, and the mother should make a companion of her daughter. Whatever is natural is pure. Those things which we esteem the secrets of nature should be subjects of familiar conversation between parents and children. Let me speak calmly and plainly.

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There is one vice that is sapping the very life of the Republic. It is most prevalent among our youth of both sexes. If we may rely upon the testimony of physicians and upon medical books, if certain diseases are tell-tales, wasting the constitution and bringing on premature death, then there can be no question of the prevalence of this vice. Parents are greatly to blame for this. The children are ignorant of the wrong-doing. They experience the temporary pleasure, but are innocent of the guilt. The impure literature of the period ministers to this vice. It is clandestinely sent to our institutions of learning; and to such an extent was this the case in one New England female college that its president was compelled to adopt the rule that no pupil should be allowed to receive anything by mail—whether book, or paper, or letter—until the contents of the same had been examined. Do you say this is a delicate subject? That does but half express it. It is a momentous subject. It involves the childhood of the Republic. Our great American admiral, Farragut, was saved by the conversation of his father. When the son was ten years old he had contracted vicious and vitiating habits. He was his father's cabin-boy. As a wise and prudent parent, the father conversed with his son on the evil influence of the habits which he had contracted, and then and there, in his father's cabin, and under the old flag of the nation, the boy made a series of resolves which led to a noble life, and gave to the Republic the greatest of admirals.

Above all, parents should make the study of the Bible a joyous task. To the ordinary child that holy Book is surrounded with an overpowering solemnity. Its very presence is made to inspire a feeling of dread, and the child approaches it with a sense of fear. All this is

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wrong. The study of the Sacred Scriptures should be made a joyous duty. The charming parables, the wise proverbs, the romantic story of Joseph, the interesting and eventful life of David, the fascinating narratives of Bethlehem, and Bethany, and Nazareth, and the gala-day life of our Lord, who came as a bridegroom—these and similar subjects should be made attractive to the plastic, inquiring minds of the youth of our land.

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CHAPTER VIII.

GAMBLERS AND GAMBLING.

GAMBLING is an ancient vice. All the authentic histories, all the reliable traditions, are in proof of its universality, and that, from time immemorial, it has been co-extensive with the abode and business of man. The Assyrians, the Babylonians, the Egyptians gambled. Under the Empire and under the Republic, the evil existed to such an extent among the Romans that legislation was a necessity. In the best days of the Greeks, in the Golden Age of Pericles, the evil prevailed throughout the Grecian Confederation. The present is like the past. From the emperor to the coolie, the Chinese are a nation of gamblers. This social vice is prevalent in Japan and India and Persia. It is rife among the Turks. When sailing up the Persian Gulf, I saw a company of Mohammedan pilgrims en route to some sacred shrine, and they divided the twenty-four hours of the day, between prayers and games. When they did not pray, they gambled. Spain, Italy, Austria, Germany, and France have been compelled to bring the power of law against this ruinous evil. Prior to the unification of Germany, not a few of the petty states were supported from revenues derived from licensed gambling establishments. England is no exception. According to Veckman, "The first lottery was proposed in the years 1567 and 1568, and, held at the west door of St. Paul's Cathedral, was drawn day and night from the 11th of January, 1569, to the 6th of May the same year. It

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contained 400,000 tickets at ten shillings each. The prizes consisted partly of money and partly of silver plate and other articles. The net profit was to be employed in improving the English harbors. In 1746 a loan of £3,000,000 was raised on 4 per cent annuities, and a lottery of 50,000 tickets at £10 each; and in 1747, £1,000,000 was raised by the sale of 100,000 tickets, the prizes in which were funded in perpetual annuities at the rate of 4 per cent per annum. During the same century the Government constantly availed itself of this means to raise money for various public works, of which the British Museum and Westminster Bridge are well-known examples." But by an act in 1823 lotteries were rendered illegal. Nor are Americans strangers to this vice. In some of the States a revenue is derived from licensed gambling saloons. The Territory of Montana is a sad example. In Kentucky and Louisiana lotteries are under the protection of the commonwealth, and now the Postmaster-General of the United States is forbidding the circulation of the printed advertisements of these lotteries through the mails. This social vice appeals to all classes for correction. It appeals to every employer, it appeals to every parent, it appeals with unwonted force to the wives and mothers of the Republic.

What is gambling, and what are its evils?

Gambling is an abuse of an innocent pastime. Some one has said that vice is the excess of virtue. That which is innocent in itself becomes a crime by excessive use. All nations have their games of recreation and pleasure. A nation without games is a nation of idiots. The people should have their pastimes. But it is a sad commentary upon the depravity of humanity that innocent pleasures are degraded into destroying evils.

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It may not be easy to define the sin of gambling. The word belongs to that family of words "games and gaming," and in its origin means sport, fun. For want of a better term we call it a social vice, because of the evils which flow therefrom to society.

Gambling is the staking of property to win or to lose on mere hazard. It is not gain for gain. It ignores the law of equivalents. It is something for nothing.

All industry, all trade, all legitimate business, is based on the law of something for something. What does the winner give in exchange for the money he takes? Nothing. A man has a right to give his property, and he receives a reward for the same in the consciousness of a kindness done; but in gambling he does not intend to give his money. The winner does not intend to give an equivalent in return. Gambling is robbery by mutual consent.

Gambling is the enemy of healthful and manly labor. It means money without work. Its chief maxim is, "Take care of yourself; sacrifice others." Do you say the gambler works? So does the bank robber. How immense the skill, the patience, and the effort of him who robs a bank! But it is a criminal work. It is an effort condemned by public opinion and just laws. Do you say the gambler displays skill? Yes, but his is not the honorable skill of the pilot who guides his ship in a dangerous sea; nor of the lawyer who applies constitutional and statutory law in the intricacies of a case involving life or property or reputation; it is not the skill of the artist in the production of works of art to refine public taste and adorn the face of society; it is not the skill of the merchant in the wise management of trade; it is not the skill of the banker in the application of the principles of finance; it is not the skill of the statesman who

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applies political economy to the welfare of the people; it is not the skill of the physician who studies to cure disease and to put a heart beneath the ribs of death; but it is the skill that sets at defiance all the laws of honorable labor. It is the development of a cunning to lie and cheat and rob.

I do not say that gambling is atheism, but I declare that it is contrary to the established laws of nature. Chance is the god of the gambler. He constantly appeals to the very uncertain and variable law of chance. Some mathematicians have sought to ascertain and formulate the law of chance, and they assert: "If you throw the dice it is thirty to one against your turning up a particular number, and one hundred to one against your repeating the same throw three times running; and so on in an augmenting ratio. You take the box and throw; at the first cast, up comes an unlucky number that beggars you." You have no right to expose your property on such a tremendous margin of thirty to one, and of one hundred to one. There is certainty in agriculture; there is certainty in commerce; there is certainty in manufacture. God has ordained laws of honest industry, but these do not operate on such an immense margin. Do you tell me there is hazard in everything? True; but not to the same extent as in this. Men may be deceived in bargains which they make, in their investments, in their transactions; but in all these there is a reasonable certainty of return. I do not say that gambling is confined to cards and dice.

The principles of gambling are sometimes acted upon where there is neither wager nor play. Some men gamble with capital instead of cards, and take the chances. They throw their immense financial strength in favor of depression or of inflation, and hope thereby to win.

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Some gamble with the capital of others in reckless speculation. Some gamble with false capital, which is a lie and a cheat. It is a mere fancy; it has no existence or representation. It is a name without fame. Some gamble with ballots instead of dice, and the action of legislatures is influenced thereby. It is a statement made before one of our courts that one railroad company, in the State of New York, paid $60,000 one year, and $205,000 another year, to obtain legislation; and it was obtained. It is a duty of legislators to enact laws for the benefit of the people without bribes or money corruption. But these large sums were paid to rob the commonwealth. Some men are too saintly to touch a card or throw a dice, yet they will risk the property of widows and orphans in an amount or kind of business for which their own resources are unequal. I would rather take the chances of a professional gambler at the bar of God than the chances of one of these saintly scoundrels who gamble with the money of widows and orphans. Public prejudice has segregated one branch of business in New York and pronounced its withering condemnation on it. One street is held up as the resort of gamblers and robbers. I am not the defender of Wall Street, but I would as soon take my chances for heaven from Wall Street as from Broadway, from a stock broker's office as from some banking-houses, or the headquarters of certain railway magnates. There are members of the Stock Exchange as honorable and honest as are any members of the venerable Chamber of Commerce of our great metropolis. It is quite true there are two classes of persons who frequent Wall Street who are a disgrace to honorable men: those who seek to depress certain stocks or other securities by destroying confidence in particular individuals, or in the

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value of the properties themselves, and then take advantage of such depression to accumulate a sudden fortune; and those who seek the same end by the unnatural and unhealthy inflation of stocks and other properties, and thus come into possession of ill-gotten gains. Such men are not only gamblers, but they should be classed as criminals before the law. A citizen has the right to purchase stock out and out; but it is an appeal to chance, it is downright gambling, to put up a margin and then either to seek, by personal means, the depression or inflation of such stock, or to take the chances on their rise or fall. This is gambling; it is an appeal to chance; it is one hundred to one. Many a man has put up his only thousand dollars as a margin and lost, and then whined in the ear of Providence over the misfortune that befell him.

Gambling is an injurious excitement without compensation and consolation. The gambler has hope, but it is not an anchor. It is an unmanageable sail that bears him upon the rocks. It is an excitement that consumes but never recreates. It does not promote health or happiness. The loser has no compensation. When the merchant loses, from circumstances beyond his control, he has the consolation of knowing that he did his duty. He has regret, but no remorse. He has the sympathy of others, and needs not their pity. God gives him consolation; he needs no pardon. The young man who lost $150,000 at cards could not say, "I did my best, and Providence sent me adversity." He has remorse, not regret. He may claim our pity, not our sympathy. When all that the merchant had is lost, his character is safe. When the gambler has lost his all, that includes his character.

What a strange fascination there is in gambling!

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What a spell it throws over the imagination! No serpent ever charmed a bird with greater power, no fowler ever set a snare from which it was so difficult to escape. Why? Gambling is an appeal to the pride of skill, to the love of superiority, to the heroism of our nature, and, above all, to gain without work. We all have seen some man under this strange fascination. It is mightier than other forms of delusion. We have seen an honored father and husband under the fascination of a strange woman — beautiful, artful, enticing. He resolves not to yield; his conscience is against yielding; he recalls his happy home, the wife of his bosom and the children of his loins, but the strange woman leads him astray. We have seen some great, imperial spirit under the charm of intoxication. Resolutions are made, vows are recorded, efforts are put forth; in a moment of holy revenge the evil is consigned to the lowest hell, but the man has been charmed. We have seen the novel reader in a revery, wherein the imagination has been peopled with forms of fancy, in which the actualities of life are disregarded and nature is perverted. With these is the fascination of gambling. All the better nature of the man is at times aroused against it. He resolves and resolves again; he promises wife and children, the angels and his God, but he is under the influence of an entrancing power. Who does not recall with pity that young and brilliant lawyer, who had led to the bridal altar one of the fairest daughters of the land, whose happiness lay in the embrace of a future like an ocean of pearls and diamonds, but who became addicted to this entrancing vice? The habit had fastened upon him, its hooks of steel had entered his very soul. On a certain night he lost heavily. He then staked his splendid mansion, the patrimony from an

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honored father. The home was lost. In despair he left that hell of hells ; the night air touched his temples, but could not chill to the death this charm of charmers. He said there was one hope left ; he would return. The gamblers looked amazed at his reappearance. As his last stake—all that he had left in the world on which he hoped to recover all that he had lost—he staked his coach and horses. The game was played ; again he lost. Leading the winner to the street, and pointing to him, he said to the coachman, " Here is your master ;" and then, in a despair that knew no relief, a homeless, indigent wretch, he walked the streets of the silent, sleeping city ; he looked at the stars of his childhood, but they brought him no relief ; he lingered beneath the light of the street lamp, which only revealed a countenance of despair ; he pressed his temples and cursed the day of his birth.

Gambling leads to the most heartless associations. It is proper to note the distinction between the professional and the non-professional gamblers. The latter are persons engaged in legitimate business, who gamble for pastime, or money, or both. All that I have said thus far against this vice I apply to the practice of these non-professionals. It is an abuse of an innocent pastime ; it ignores the law of equivalents ; it tempts from lawful labor ; it is a homage paid at the shrine of chance ; it is an injurious excitement ; it ends in remorse.

Non-professional gambling is the feeder of the professional. Every private house wherein persons play for money is a recruiting office of the gambling hell, to fill the ranks of the professional gamblers. There is a direct path that leads from the one to the other. Ask that young man who lost so heavily at Saratoga last summer where he acquired the propensity for gambling, and

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he will tell you, "In the private residence of——," wherein wealth abounds and beauty smiles. Why not have your games for recreation without the hazard of a dollar?

Why should parents complain when their sons are ruined? Were I a dramatist I would write a drama of five acts. First: A young man in a private house, at cards, where beauty smiles and wealth allures. Second: In a hotel, where gentlemen meet, where the game is played for the refreshments of the hour, and where conscience is quieted by the soothing assurance that it is only pastime. Third: A gambling hell, where the professionals do congregate, where the attention to the game is intense, where self-consciousness reigns supreme, where fortunes are won and lost. Fourth: A den of thieves, from which decency and honor have departed, where dishonesty holds high carnival, where depredations on the property of honest citizens are organized, where murder is planned. Fifth: A gallows, on which hangs the form of that once young and splendid man. It is the last game; he loses all.

Let us now look at the professional gamblers. Let us go in fancy to the place where they do congregate. We do not expect to find angels there, except fallen ones; nor saints, except those who have outlived their usefulness; nor church members, except hypocrites. What is the average morality of the gambling fraternity? Who are the men found in those resorts? There is the cynic, who sneers at virtue; the polished debauchee, a modern Chesterfield; the "swell," who is attractive by his flashing manners; and the selfish man, bereft of all sensibility, who will take the last dollar, and then turn the loser out into the cold world.

Gambling is not an isolated vice; it is attended with

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a whole retinue of evils. The sparkling wine-cup passes from lip to lip; inebriety is certain to follow; intoxication is a necessary inspiration; the "strange woman" is companion to gamblers—she whose steps take hold on death and hell. There is a direct road from the gambling hell to the penitentiary. Nearly all the embezzlements of which banking clerks have been convicted may be traced to gambling. This social vice disqualifies for all the duties of life. It ruins the mechanic, the lawyer, the physician, the statesman. It is the desolation of home itself.

And what are the remedies? Let the Pulpit lift up its voice of warning. Let clergymen appreciate the terrible evil in all its bearings. Let them press home upon the conscience of the people the great moralities of religion. Let the Press keep the public informed of the dangers to which society is exposed, and especially of the dereliction of the police, whose business it is to suppress these places which entice the young men of our city. And let parents, by precept and example, from childhood to youthhood, from youthhood to manhood, throw around their sons and daughters those gracious influences which will make home the supreme charm of human life.

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CHAPTER IX.

MAGNANIMITY OF SELF-DENIAL.

"If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth." Such is the noble sentiment of the noblest of men. Some of the Corinthian believers had been converted to Christianity from idolatry; others from Judaism. The Jews abhorred whatever had been offered in worship to an idol; but the Gentiles had not been thus educated. Some of the latter had eaten of the meat which had been offered to an idol, and having been instructed that an idol is nothing, thought it no harm to eat the sacrificial meat. But there were other Gentile converts who had not been so far enlightened, and, not knowing the superior education of their brethren, were in danger of being led astray by their example. St. Paul appeals to the former in behalf of the latter. He concedes that an idol is nothing; that meat offered thereto in worship is not thereby necessarily defiled; that to eat thereof was not sin *per se;* but because the eating thereof was a bad example, and tended to the spiritual injury of those for whom Christ died, he therefore appealed to them to desist from the practice. It was an appeal to Christian magnanimity, to philanthropy, to self-denial. Himself the example of self-denial to all, in the fulness of his own great soul he assures them, in the words already quoted: "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth."

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This incident in apostolic history suggests the present line of thought on the subject of temperance. I propose to appeal to the magnanimity of the better classes in society to discontinue the moderate use of wines and liquors, for the benefit of those who are in danger of becoming confirmed inebriates. And in making this appeal, I propose to make certain concessions, to consider the efficaciousness of this proposed self-denial, and then to enforce the duty by a variety of motives.

I think we may concede three things. First, that wines and liquors have their legitimate uses. I do not say that they are indispensable, and have no substitute; but it may be safely affirmed that they may be used beneficially. I am sure that every unbiassed man will feel with me bound to concede this much, and hence those ultra views, consigning wines and liquors to perdition, placing them under the ban of the Almighty and of society, cannot find favor with calm and reflecting men. Were this the place, I could establish the fact, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that there are two kinds of wine designated in the Bible. This distinction would relieve from all embarrassment the Lord Jesus Christ, by whose power

> "The modest water, awed by power divine,
> Confessed its God, and blushing turned to wine,"

and also relieve other Biblical characters and many passages of Scripture from misapprehension, by showing the distinction between the good wine and bad, as recorded in the Bible. It is the utmost folly for any man to attempt to explain away certain passages of Scripture on any other hypothesis than the one just mentioned.

Secondly, we are bound to concede that the man who drinks wine and liquor moderately is not a drunkard as

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denounced in the Holy Scriptures. By no fair interpretation of language, by no proper use of ideas, can such a man be brought under the ban of drunkenness as described in that passage, "No drunkard shall enter the kingdom of heaven." Evidently scriptural drunkenness implies a ruling passion, a degrading slavery, and a power that has gained the mastery, which is superior to the man himself.

In the next place, I think we are bound to concede that all moderate drinkers do not become confirmed inebriates. You and I can recall persons who, through a series of many years, have been moderate drinkers, and yet are not confirmed drunkards. The reason may be found in their physical organism, which is not susceptible to such influence in their case as in that of other persons. They may drink as much per day without apparent injury as those who are sensibly affected by the same or even by a less quantity. One inhalation of chloroform will put one man to sleep, while the same quantity will set another man wild. The difference is found in the difference of organic susceptibility. Hence some men may drink and not become confirmed in habits of inebriation, because of the peculiarity of their organism. That they are not drunkards is no credit to them; it is to be placed to the credit of their temperament, for that which does not intoxicate them would and does intoxicate others. Therefore, no argument in favor of the free use of liquors can be drawn from those men who, in despite, as it were, of nature, thus practise moderate drinking through a long series of years. Let us, therefore, remove this old sophistry, and make this point plain and emphatic, and give the credit to nature and not to man.

With these concessions freely admitted, let us now pass

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to consider the question: Were the better classes of society to discontinue the moderate use of wines and liquors, would that tend to diminish the habit and evils of intemperance? If so, how?

It would be the expression of apprehension that confirmed inebriety might follow. It would be the tocsin of alarm. It would imply danger ahead. It would be the reassertion of two facts—viz., that all confirmed drunkards were once moderate drinkers, and that all moderate drinkers may become confirmed inebriates. Hence comes the law that absolute safety is in total abstinence. There is safety in that for *all*. This would be an example and a warning.

It would render the trade in wines and liquors, including the manufacture and sale—wholesale and retail—of the same, less profitable, and lead to its abandonment. I suppose it is true that the larger profits of the trade are derived from the sale of such wines and liquors as are used by the higher classes of society; that the proprietors of our splendid saloons and hotel barrooms derive a larger profit from fancy drinks than from "whiskey straight." The logical effect of the discontinuance of the use of such drinks by such persons would be the closing up of nine tenths of all our fancy saloons and hotel barrooms. This, in turn, would affect the wholesale trade, and this the manufacturer; and cutting off the supply of drunkards from the ranks of moderate drinkers and rendering the article of intoxication itself scarce, the end would be gained, and intemperance would soon cease to exist. Many a man engages in the wholesale and retail business of selling liquor, not so much from the love of liquor as from his cupidity. And just as soon as these citizens find that their business has ceased to be profitable, they will abandon it and

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go into something else. If these are facts, are we not justified in the assertion that a grave responsibility for the evils of intemperance rests upon the moderate drinker and upon those who indulge in fancy drinks?

Were the higher classes of society to discontinue the moderate use of wines and liquors, the effect would be to render the custom of drinking unfashionable. Fashion is only another term for public sentiment. Acknowledged evils are tolerated by common consent. Public sentiment is the energy of law. There were laws against duelling prior to the duel between Hamilton and Burr, but for lack of public sentiment they were dead. The death of Hamilton, however, changed the public sentiment, and the duellist is now considered a barbarian. Fashion is at once a master and a monster: a master in the supremacy of power, a monster in the cruelties inflicted upon mankind. What and how we eat, our style of dress, the construction of our dwellings, our modes of travel, are all governed by fashion. Fashions rarely come up. They almost always go down, till, in the last modified form, they touch the bottom of society. Extravagance in the rich begets extravagance in the poor. Many a clerk has ended his days in the penitentiary because he lived beyond his means. Many a daughter has forsaken the God of her youth, and gone with her whose ways take hold on death, because she coveted the pleasures of dress. What we want, therefore, is to render the custom of drinking unfashionable, so that those in the lower grades of life will not think that they are out of the world if they do not imbibe from the intoxicating cup. For the lower classes of society have just reason to complain that the custom has been set them in high places.

Then the plan I propose involves another thought. It

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would increase the power to persuade. Example is the inspiration of persuasion. The life of Christ is of more value to the world than His teachings. Without His lofty, symmetrical character; without His life of unparalleled purity and benevolence, His most wise and most beautiful lessons would be to mankind "as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal." Here is a father on whose dinner-table the wine sparkles; he seeks to reform an inebriated son. He pleads, he argues, he prays; but all his arguments are paralyzed by his own moderate drinking. "Physician, heal thyself," is the son's withering reply. The wise must educate the ignorant; the strong must strengthen the weak; and only the pure can save the guilty. "What is good for the father is good for the son," is a satisfactory argument for the latter's use. The persuasive power of example is the greatest. The pledge, societies, asylums, and law are proper, but impotent without it.

But against this, our personal liberty may be urged as a valid objection. Personal liberty is a natural right, and the freedom to exercise it is one of the noblest achievements of the age. Each man has a right to himself; to the results of his mental and physical labors; to eat and drink and rest; to pursue happiness. All this should be conceded, and is. Yet there is not in all this universe absolute liberty. The highest form of personal liberty is bounded by the law of limitation. You can grow only so high. You can eat only so much. You can sleep only so long. Conceding this, may we not inquire whether there is not another law of limitation or a further limitation to this personal liberty—the law of Christian self-denial which has its formal expression in the Golden Rule, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them: for this is

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the law and the prophets"? And the same thought is expressed in those words of Paul to the Romans: "Let not your good be evil spoken of." Doubtless, too much is often demanded of Christian men. The world is hawk-eyed. It is rigorously exacting. Yet it is better to suffer wrong than to do wrong. There are many things innocent in themselves, but the true man prefers to sacrifice them—to deny himself that which, though in itself innocent, may be abused by others, and thus innocent pleasures be converted into criminal passions. You and I have each a fast horse; we are on the same road, and try the speed of our respective animals, whatever it may be—2.50 or 2.20. There is nothing wrong in that *per se*. Those horses were made by the Creator for fleetness, and what is more delightful than to ride behind one of those noble creatures? But young men observe us on the road; they propose to try their fast horses, and, in addition to the trial, bet a hundred dollars on the result. They transfer their habits from the road to the race-course, and we see before them the gambler's end. Self-denial, philanthropy, magnanimity, should induce us to forego our pleasure for the good of the others. The same thing is true in regard to games of chance. There is nothing wrong *per se* in our playing a game of cards. But the habit may become an example to others who will abuse it. Doubtless you and I could behold some tragedian or comedian on the stage in some of the grand creations of the Bard of Avon, and there would be no sin in it *per se*, for God made Shakespeare and gave him his marvellous genius; and may not the day come when men may behold these things without deleterious results? But take the associations of the drama; the associations of those connected with it, and their influence upon society, and the

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good man foregoes the pleasure that he may save others from consequences that may be traced to the drama. It is a higher pleasure to know that by our self-denial we have saved others from sin and death than to enjoy the pleasures of which we have denied ourselves. Perhaps the noblest question a man can put to himself is, "How may I suffer and thereby save others?" and he only has reached the true humanity who can answer that question by deeds of philanthropy and self-sacrifice.

But let us look at the motives which should induce us to this self-denial. Let us remember that nothing great or good is accomplished in any department of life without the practice of self-denial. Enter yon college, where are two young men of equal endowments and equal promise. Impatient of college restraint, preferring the song, the dance, the race, one lags in his studies, and with difficulty receives his diploma. The other is rarely seen where wit sparkles, beauty glows, or fashion shines. Pale, thoughtful, studious, his clear eye is dreamy; visions of the future rise before him. Charmed with the languages, he hopes one day to speak in other tongues, in which great men speak, in which great thoughts are found; or before him are long tables of figures, and he is now competing with the older mathematicians for the prize of honor. Or, like Bacon, he has marked out for himself a new course of scientific investigation. This is the difference between Bonaparte and Washington; between Frederick the Great and John Howard; between Chesterfield and Sir Philip Sidney. Our forefathers were British freemen. They could have lived in comparative ease and freedom, but they preferred to deny themselves wealth and ease that they might achieve for us a better civilization.

The Son of God enjoyed a glory with the Father

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before the world was. Enthroned in glory, worshipped by angels, the Ruler of the universe, He might have remained amid the beatitudes of Paradise. But He laid aside His crown; He withdrew from the society of angels; He came to earth "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," to save a lost world. "For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though He was rich, yet, for your sakes, He became poor, that ye through His poverty might be rich."

Take the whole history of the world from Adam to this day, and whatever has been attained that is beautiful in art, beneficent in science, salutary in law, noble in charity, Godlike in religion, has been achieved by self-denial. Is the sparkling wine so sweet and the animating draught so fascinating that you cannot abandon them to save millions from the drunkard's woes? You should be prompted to this duty of self-denial by the safety of yourself and your family. Some of you may drink moderately through a long series of years and not become confirmed inebriates. You may be exceptional cases, but from your ranks will go the majorities to swell the vast army of drunkards.

The great massacre in Damascus, in 1860, in which hundreds were slain and millions of property destroyed, had its origin in the quarrel of two schoolboys, one a Mohammedan, the other a Christian. The great fire which a few years since reduced to ashes the finest portion of Portland had its origin in the careless discharge of a firecracker thrown from the hand of a boy. Total abstinence is the only safety of some—the sure safety of all. Every career of crime had its starting-point in some small offence, and then the career widened and lengthened like the Mississippi. Every drunkard can retrace his life of sin and shame back to THE FIRST GLASS.

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According to Grecian mythology, Jupiter commanded Vulcan to make a beautiful woman, who was dressed by Minerva, adorned with charms by Venus, and endowed with a deceitful mind by Mercury. In her hand she held a casket, beautiful without, but within were all the miseries of mankind. When admitted among men she opened that fatal box, and forthwith stalked abroad, by day as well as by night, all the maladies and woes which now curse the human race. The first glass is Pandora's casket, beautiful to look upon, but within are health in ruins; hopes destroyed; affections crushed; prayer silenced; grief sitting on the vacant seats of paternal care, of filial piety, of brotherly love, of maternal devotion; crimes of every name and hue, from broken vows to ghastly murders; home deserted; prisons whose horrid doors open inward; poverty and vice, twin companions; shattered forms; tormented souls; a cheerless grave; a burning hell; a dishonored life; an offended God.

Where is woe? where is sorrow? where are contentions? where are babblings? where are wounds without cause? where is redness of eyes? In the FIRST GLASS! O parents! O children! touch not the first glass!

Be induced to this self-denial by the happiness which will accrue thereby to society at large. We shall infer the happiness by contemplating the misery. Shall we call to our aid the sublime science of numbers in forming our estimate of this misery? Statisticians, whose learning and research command our confidence, inform us that in the United States there are not less than 133,000 places licensed to sell intoxicating liquors, employing 390,000 persons. And if to this number we add those engaged in the manufacture and wholesale traffic, the total number will reach 570,000 persons, or one man to

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every 75 inhabitants. But the whole number of clergymen and teachers in our land engaged in the benevolent work of religion and education is only 150,000, or about one fourth the above number. It is estimated that the total cost of intoxicating liquors used each year in our country is $700,000,000, to which must be added $40,000,000 for criminals, while the entire clergy of the country does not cost $30,000,000. It is estimated that every year intemperance sends to prison 100,000 persons, reduces 200,000 children to worse than orphanage, adds 600,000 to the long list of drunkards, and sends 60,000 citizens to premature graves. It is also estimated that while fewer women drink than men, yet a larger proportion of those who do drink become habitual drunkards. In New York, within the last ten years, out of 133,000 persons arrested for intoxication, 66,000 were women! Alas for a woman drunkard! How our thoughts are roused to pity and our words to complaint when we think what might have been the result to us if *our* mother, *our* wife, *our* daughter, *our* sister had gone in the paths of intoxication! Could I speak to women high in social position to-day, and speak plainly, I would speak with earnest emphasis. To me it is absolutely appalling as I mingle in society, to see with what readiness those who are worthily called ladies—called so from their virtue, their intelligence, their education, their acknowledged refinement—drink the sparkling champagne when "it stirreth itself in the cup."

O women! will you not lift your hands to heaven today, and swear that never in the future shall the sparkling wine touch your lips; never again shall your example be against total abstinence?

Intemperance is the scourge of the world. There is no evil written in the long catalogue of moral and politi-

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cal woes attended with more harm to individuals or to society than inebriation. Profanity, larceny, lying, murder, are the offspring of intemperance. To substantiate this no elaborate argument is necessary; for the records of our penitentiaries, the inscription on the solitary prison wall written by the pen of time and the ink of tears, and the pauper's grave, are all proofs in support of the allegation. O inebriation! thou habit of folly, thou hast dimmed the brilliant genius of the legislator, philosopher, and orator, sealed the mouth of heaven-commissioned ambassadors, torn the royal diadem from the monarch's brow, and robbed the chieftain of his hard-won laurels.

But it would be more tolerable if the evils resulting from this pernicious habit were confined to the drunkard himself. Yet it is not so; for the lovely and intelligent women of our land are the victims of his misery. They drink in secret the cup of sorrow to its dregs; and, while we commiserate the condition of the unhappy man, let us lift the curtain and behold the disconsolate, weeping, heart-broken wife. Perhaps he won her in the morning of life, when the bloom of youth, health, and sobriety glowed upon his cheek, and the light of genius animated his bewitching countenance. They went to the altar with hearts of tenderness and love. Heaven smiled upon the union. Hope sat, like a bird of auspicious omen, high in the green leaves of fancy, and poured into her bosom the sweet harmony of a terrestrial elysium. But her husband, in an unsuspected hour, forgets his bridal pledge. The sparkling bowl of friendship steals upon the hours of domestic enjoyment; his noble nature yields to the bright eyes of the charmer; and, alas, he becomes, step by step, a daily drunkard. What scenes follow? Night after night finds him in the

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midst of his family brimful with spirits and passions; his wife meets him with a trembling hand, an aching heart, and a tearful eye; his dear children retreat from corner to corner as if an evil spirit had made its appearance; and even his faithful dog skulks away with the growl of anticipated blows. The little homestead becomes the theatre of family broils and angry blows, and neither his wife nor his children are secure from the fury of his drunken madness. Where the sacred anthem should bear aloft the sweet music of the family, the wild song of the drunkard is chanted to the impious orgies of vice. Where the grateful breath of prayer like incense should waft to heaven their wants and woes, he pours forth a torrent of curses upon their devoted heads. Where the holy Bible should spread its banquet of wisdom and love, he opens the tablets of a heart on which are written the history of wretchedness and woe.

Who does not shudder at this mournful picture of desolation and ruin? But mark the condition of his wife; the cries of her half-clad, starving children ring in her ears daily, and the hectic flush of premature death dries up her briny tears as they trickle down her cheeks; her heart is a little city of ruins—hope, pride, fortune, and happiness, all have departed; and even while she binds up his wounds, his gross ingratitude sends keenest pangs to her heart. While she sheds tears of sympathy over his wayward conduct, his cruel treatment freezes them into ice-drops before they reach his bosom. While she would entwine her affections around him as the virgin bowers enfold the sturdy oak, his swelling anger and feverish passions snap the gentle cords and spurn her proffered tenderness. But still the doting wife grasps the hand that withers her hopes of earthly happiness, and leans tenderly upon that cheek that consumes the sweet-

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ness of her youth, her health, her beauty. But why are these things so? Why this self-ruin and self-degradation? Why this prodigality and penury? Why this personal and domestic suffering and misery? I answer these interrogations calmly. Intemperance is supported and perpetuated by fashion and law. Fashion—criminal, nefarious, diabolical fashion—sanctions with its unknown power moderate drinking. In this cold world whatever is fashionable is right. No matter how injurious to health, corrupting to morals, or molesting to society the practice may be, if it is only fashionable, it is all right. It is fashionable to drink that social glass; hence, people think they must drink. But let the world remember that in our splendid saloons and fashionable circles the inebriate's career begins, and that Bacchus manufactures drunkards out of moderate drinkers.

This is but a mere outline of the picture of the great scourge, which picture, in the fulness of awful detail, God alone can paint. What, then, is the logical, philosophical conclusion, founded on truth and commonsense? It is this: That the race can be saved from these woes by the self-denial of the higher classes of society; that total abstinence is the safety of all; that, while some who moderately drink may escape inebriety, yet total abstinence will be not only the safeguard of them, but the safeguard of all. Then, in sentiment with that glorious man, St. Paul, let us say, "If wine make my brother to offend, I will drink no wine while the world standeth." Doing this, you may be imitators of Him who, though He was rich, became poor, that we through His poverty might be made rich.

God awaits your decision. Recall the self-denial of Christ for the benefit of mankind, then follow His example.

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CHAPTER X.

COMMERCIAL INTEGRITY.

THE duties of Christianity are twofold: ethical and devotional. The former prescribe the relations between man and man, such as liberty, justice, property, reputation, veracity, chastity, citizenship; the latter include all those relations which exist between God and man, and comprehend reverence for His name, love for His person, and obedience to His laws. It is one of the blunders and crimes of our day to divorce the ethical from the devotional. Men enter their sanctuaries on the Sabbath day, and are conspicuous for their devoutness, while in the every-day concerns of life they studiously ignore those great moralities which underlie all acceptable worship to Almighty God. While we are bound to rejoice in many well-known examples of commercial integrity, we must deplore the prevalence of business dishonesty.

There is an evident want of appreciation of the sacredness of property. We esteem life sacred, and the murderer is hounded; we esteem reputation sacred, and the libeller is imprisoned; we esteem family honor sacred, and the traducer thereof is held up to public reprobation. Why should we not esteem the rights of property as sacred? There is a dulness either in the intellect or in the conscience touching this matter. Men who stand the guardian of all other human rights invade this right with the recklessness of a bandit. The controlling ques-

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tion of the day is not, "How can I make money?"—that is honest and honorable—but, "How can I get that man's money?" Let us, therefore, seek to enlighten the public mind and intone the public conscience to a severer appreciation of man's natural right to property.

What is the foundation of this right? Each man is an individuality. He possesses a body, which connects him with the physical universe, and that universe is modified to supply his wants. He is dependent upon it —upon its air, its sun, the products of its soil—for the continuance of his existence. He is a part of that universe, and has a right to what he can extract from it by the exercise of his natural powers. He has a right to the wealth of the sea, of the air and of the earth, to so much of it as is necessary to his existence and happiness. He is thrown upon his own resources; he must sink or swim, he must live or die. This is his physical estate, and any invasion therein is a crime against the order of nature.

Man possesses an intellect, and the exclusive right to the products thereof. He may investigate nature and publish his conclusions, he may entertain mankind by the productions of his imagination, he may lift the burden of toil from the shoulders of humanity by scientific discoveries or by useful inventions, in all of which he has a prescriptive right. As there is this physical and intellectual wealth, so there is the wealth of character, spiritual attainment, which may be injured by perversion and solicitation of evil. Every man has a right to himself, to what he is, to what he acquires, to what he produces; the result is what men call property. Society recognizes these property rights. By the law of nations the first discoverer of a country is esteemed the rightful possessor thereof. The first inventor of an art is ac-

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corded the right to exercise the same to his own profit, and he who fashions a piece of gold into some excellent image has increased his right therein by virtue of his skill. Around this right, divine and human law throws its awful sanctions. From His throne Jehovah has said, "Thou shalt not steal." He treats this right as a thing acknowledged, directs His precepts against every act violative of the same, and against the temper of mind from which such violence proceeded. In harmony therewith human governments, among their first acts, protect this individual right in wealth, and treat the offender as guilty of a wrong, and punish him accordingly.

Upon the recognition of this right depend the existence and progress of society. Ignore this right, and no man would labor for more than is sufficient for his individual sustenance, inasmuch as he would have no more right than any other man to the surplus. There would be then no accumulation, no provision for the future, no means by which improvements could be made. There would be no noble cities, no elegant structures, no improved means of travel, no advanced and refined civilization. It is therefore a question which involves a distinction between the savage and the barbarian. A nation of thieves would be a nation of barbarians. The triumph of Christianity would be an impossibility. Surplus wealth is indispensable to high civilization, and he who offends against this natural right of property is an offender against the progress of society.

What are some of the more common violations of this right? Violence, deception, treachery. Property taken without the consent of the owner is theft. This is done by the individual robber, and by oppressive governments in the form of unjust taxation. This violence

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done to private property by legislative bodies is a crying shame. Let us open our eyes to the fact. If governments have no soul, it is our duty to put a soul into them.

But what are the business deceptions of our day? The intense competition in trade is doubtless the most powerful temptation to deceive. He who presents wrong motives to me for the purposes of gain, or needlessly excites my fears, or inspires in me false hopes, or inflames my vanity, or tempts me to avarice, does violence to my right of property.

A broker on 'Change who causes false information to be circulated for the purpose of raising or depressing the price of securities, or the price of gold, and reaps profits from that deep rascality, is a criminal against honesty. He who gives publicity to the report that a given bank is on the verge of insolvency in order to depress its stock, and then purchases all that is thrown upon the market, and he who gives currency to reports that some rotten financial institution is solvent and flourishing, and then sells out his holdings, is alike a criminal against property; and to all such men God says, "Thou shalt not steal." When, in the day of plenty, the shrewd, unscrupulous speculator, by well-laid plans, monopolizes an article of food to create an artificial scarcity, and thus raises the price while the supply is abundant, and by so doing causes the poor man to pay one hundred per cent more for his food than the natural law of supply and demand requires, he is a robber of the poor as well as an offender against the acknowledged principles of commercial integrity. A property-holder who has a fine residence which, by facts in his possession, he knows will soon fall in value, either by the tendency of the better class of citizens to another part of the city, or

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because a canal will soon be constructed, or a railroad built, or a building for some objectionable purpose be erected near that residence—if he hides these facts and induces another person to purchase his mansion, he is not doing as he would be done by. If it is said that this practice is universal, that if we do not do it others will, and thus the evil will remain, I answer that the plea is offered in justification of one of the most wicked of transactions. No matter what others may do, we know better, and therefore we should not follow their bad example.

But if the seller has no right to misrepresent the quality of his wares, if he should not overpraise his goods or excite the vanity of the buyer in order to lead him to purchase them, neither should the buyer underrate them in order to get them for less than their value. The buyer may be not less a cheat than the seller. Solomon has described this creature thus: "'Tis naught, 'tis naught, saith the buyer, but when he has gone his way, then he boasteth." Between a rascally seller and a rascally buyer there is simply a test of personal sharpness.

Society is held together by the golden bands of mutual confidence. Men must have faith in each other's integrity. It is the principle which holds together man and wife, parent and child, employer and employé, friend and friend, the government and the governed. Mutual confidence underlies all business transactions. High honor is no less necessary to commercial life than it is a moral duty. Human nature never appears to better advantage than when men prove true and honorable amid the multiform temptations of commercial life. There are times when a person is in such circumstances as to compel him to intrust his property to another, and for

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that other to imperil that property in speculation is a wanton betrayal of the trust reposed in him. There is a sacredness connected with this intrusted property peculiar to itself. Not long since ten thousand dollars were deposited in the hands of the treasurer of a charitable institution subject to the draft of its proper officers. In a moment of temptation that treasurer invested the amount in a business transaction; he failed, and the money was lost. What was the ground of his justification? What apology did he make? What plea did he offer? That he did not intend to rob the needy. But his intention had nothing to do with it. Underlying the question of intention was his avarice and the betrayal of a sacred trust. Men in our banking institutions guilty of embezzlement—the appropriation of intrusted funds in speculation—plead the purity of their intention; but God does not judge men according to their intentions; rather, He judges them according to their characters, out of which intentions flow, as effects from causes.

The highest form of trust and honor is displayed by society in selecting citizens to administer the affairs of civil government, and when that trust is betrayed for purposes of personal gain, and that honor is tarnished by official corruption, the offence assumes a deeper dye and the criminality a greater turpitude. What can be a sadder spectacle than for a man sitting in God's place on the tribunal of justice, and receiving a bribe with which to blind his eyes and pervert his judgment? Or for a legislator, chosen to make laws for a people, to be a party to corrupt legislation in order to enrich himself at the expense of the public welfare? Or for an executive or clerical officer to appropriate to his own uses that which a too-confiding people have intrusted to his honesty and honor? As we rise in the scale of moral re-

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sponsibility from the midnight burglar, the murderous highwayman, the cunning trickery of the merchant and the buyer, the treacherous friend and the crafty speculator to the public officer who holds high position in the administration of government, we are bound to attach greater guilt to the dishonest acts of the latter. There are moral elements that enter into this kind of dishonesty which invest the offence with a criminality that does not attach to the dishonest acts of a private citizen; for to dishonesty there is added hypocrisy; the official is not what he assumes to be—namely, the faithful steward of the commonwealth. Under the robes of office there is a duplicity which merits public execration. He moves in society with the apostolic exterior of Judas, but upon his soul are the finger-spots of the thirty pieces of silver. To his duplicity he adds treachery. As the custodian of the people's interests, he has betrayed the public confidence, and proved unworthy the high trust committed to his keeping. And to his other offences he adds the crime of perjury. The oath of office is invested with all the attributes of religious devotion. God has been called upon to witness to the promise of his fidelity, but his solemn oath has been disregarded, as his honor has been tarnished, by his official corruption. Finally, to all these overt acts of dishonesty and hypocrisy and perjury he adds the evil influence of his example as a leader of public immorality. "The wicked walk on every side when the vilest men are exalted." When it is his personal interest so to do, the dishonest public officer will oppose all measures for the moral improvement of society; he will command his minions to tempt others, and through them he will extend his contaminating influence and continue his vile and venal work.

And what are some of the prevalent causes leading to

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business dishonesty? Extravagance, corrupt public sentiment, inordinate love of wealth. The love of pomp and show is excessive as it is pernicious in this country. The vain desire to be considered rich is shown in participation in those pleasures which only the affluent can afford. Fashionable society remorselessly rejects all butterflies which have lost their brilliant colors. Either to gratify a natural love for display or to indulge a desire to mingle in fashionable society, many a man has cheated his business, by transferring his means to theatres, race-courses, and costly entertainments. This disproportion between income and legitimate expenses brings on a crisis. The victim must be honest, live within his means, and abandon his social rank, or be dishonest and maintain his position in fashionable society. Which shall he choose—honesty with its mortifying social exclusion, or gayety purchased by dishonesty? In such a moment some men shrink from the gulf, appalled at the dishonor which awaits them, but to too many, high life, with all its fraud, is paradise. It is paradise for the present only, for it is followed by a purgatory of public shame and mental anguish.

Take that man of extravagant pleasures. He has reached a crisis. How can he pay the drafts upon him? Two ways open to him: crime or brilliant speculation. Choosing the former, he stands guilty of embezzlement or forgery. Choosing the latter, his mind wanders in dreams of gain, and golden visions arise before him. He recalls the brilliant success of others; he is enchanted by the glittering hope; he ventures, and all is lost. Yet he cannot be driven from society; he must flourish among the gay and festive; in some feverish moment, vibrating between conscience and avarice, he staggers to a compromise; he cannot steal, he will only borrow—

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not openly, not from his employers, not from his fellow-men, but from the vault; he enters into a league with that vault, he makes a companion of it, he swears it to eternal secrecy, he whispers to it, "Vault, be thou my confidant;" he resolves to restore the money before detection can ensue, and to reap the profits. Failing in his first attempt, he is led on, step by step, into a maze of complications; false entries are made, perjured oaths are sworn, false papers are filed. He is called prosperous, he flourishes, he thinks himself safe, but he has embarked on a sea over which sweep perpetual storms. At length the day of discovery comes; his guilty dreams have long forsaken him, the dumb vault speaks as if with a thousand tongues; his guilt confronts him, his doom is sealed, and he ends his miserable life either suddenly by suicide, or untimely by a prolonged existence of shame and infamy.

Closely allied with these evils is a corrupt public sentiment. Society scourges the thief of Necessity, but pities the thief of Fashion; the man who steals a loaf of bread to feed his starving family is sent to jail, but the man who is successful in bold, dishonorable speculation, by which others have been wronged, is caressed by society. There are men whose every thought is vile, whose every impulse is vicious, who have grown gray in the accumulation of ill-gotten gains, but who are welcome wherever they choose to enter society.

Why is official dishonesty considered less disreputable than dishonesty in private life? A public man guilty of many flagrant sins is treated with consideration, whereas a private individual, who perhaps is less guilty, is shunned as a pestilential criminal. Does the dignity of his office cover the public man like a cloak? Does his office of trust and power commend him to our respect? Do we

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dread his displeasure? Do his eminent abilities awaken our admiration? Does his good fortune in having been chosen by the people command our consideration? Rather is it not because the public conscience is depraved? Is it not true that all we demand of a public man is to reflect the public conscience? If he rise above it he is denounced; if he fall below it he is condemned.

To what extent is this official corruption due to a corrupt public sentiment? When we see the tricks of the petty merchant and his customer, the grasping avarice of the capitalist, the bold, overreaching schemes of the speculator, the crushing monopoly of banking, insurance, and railroad companies, the incessant, gigantic struggle of many men everywhere for the gold that perishes, may we not expect this spirit to penetrate the body politic? And when those who are called the foremost citizens beleaguer halls of state and national legislation for the passage of bills and offer inducements to legislators to vote for their measures, the tempter is worse than the tempted. When people rolling in wealth, accumulating thousands and hundreds of thousands a year, will require men of more ability to serve them as public officers for a pittance so small that a first-class clerk in commercial circles would despise, it is no marvel that the cupidity of such should work corruption in public life. Let the fountain purify itself, and the streams will be pure. Let the people raise the standard of morals, and then demand public men to follow their example. May we not hope that the day of reform has come, when all good men everywhere will tighten the bands of public honesty and intone the conscience to a severer morality? If this is not done, the midnight of our ruin is at hand.

But underlying business dishonesty is a deeper cause, found in man's inherent love of wealth. "The love of

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money is the root of all evil." The strife of the world to-day is for wealth, and to reach the goal men do not strive lawfully. In the attainment of riches professedly good men do as they would not be done by. This thought absorbs their waking hours and fills the visions of their night. When foiled, they overreach; when disappointed, they become unscrupulous; when brought to the verge of ruin, they meditate crimes against man and sins against God. The strife in American society to-day is not for wisdom, nor for fame, but for wealth. It is not true that Americans love money for the sake of money. They love it for the pride and circumstance of fortune, for the power that it produces over men and nations, for the vanity that it gratifies in magnifying their personal importance. But let us remember that the great Master has proposed a sum which has never yet been solved: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" A single soul will outweigh a universe. Let us erect a pair of scales. In one side place "the wealth of Ormus and of Ind," "the barbaric pearls and gold" of the East, the jewels of Golconda, the spices of Ceylon, the treasures of El Dorado, the possessions of Crœsus, the jewelled crown of Alexander, the buried treasures of the deep—nay, the title-deeds of sun and moon and stars; and in the other side place one deathless soul, made in the image of God, redeemed by His Son and winged for immortality; and behold, the beam changes—one soul outweighs a universe!

We have seen what a magnificent defence Christianity has made against the machinations of her enemies, from the infidels of Jerusalem to the idolaters of Rome, the atheists of France, the iconoclasts of Germany, the evolu-

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tionists of England, and the agnostics of America. We have seen the failure of infidelity to consummate its crime against humanity, by its brazen assaults upon the genius of government, which combines the majesty of law with the immutability of justice; upon commercial integrity, which is the parent of industry and the soul of business; upon the chastity of woman, which implies the modesty of maidenhood and the sanctity of marriage; upon the happiness of home, which is the fountain of love and the nursery of nations; upon the immortality of the soul, which is the mainspring of virtue and the inspiration of existence; upon the omnipotence of God, who is the Author of all things and the Sovereign of the universe. We have seen the failure of infidelity to originate invention, to lead discovery, to civilize the savage, to reform the vicious, to establish order, to conserve society, to find a saving substitute for the Faith which it repudiates, or to render an equivalent of that love divine which melts the human heart and saves the human soul, while it still remains a mystery to the greatest human intellect.

Conversely, we have seen Christianity triumphant not merely in her defence against infidel assaults, but mainly in the onward movement of her mission to redeem the world. We have seen—foreshadowed by the prophets, guided by the Star of Bethlehem, led by the living Christ, aided by apostles and evangelists, illuminated by the lives of saints, consecrated by the blood of martyrs, cheered by the ministry of angels—we have seen that the course of Christianity along the highway of the centuries has been one triumphal march of universal human progress. We have seen her grand achievements in the building of churches by all evangelical denominations; in the accessions to their congregations and communi-

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cants ; in the demand for ministers and their devotion to their duties ; in the training of the children in the Sabbath-schools ; in the circulation of religious books and periodicals, chiefly of the Bible, with its millions of copies in a multitude of languages ; in the support of home and foreign missions ; in the number and influence of educational institutions ; in the founding of public charities, including asylums for the deaf, the dumb, the blind, the insane, and the inebriate ; in the great discoveries in every field of human research, from new countries to new principles ; in the wonderful achievements of inventive genius ; in the harmonious operations of liberty and law ; in international alliances to prevent barbarities ; in the elevation and influence of woman ; in the abolition of slavery ; in the marvellous increase of the Christian populations of the world, which now number more than seven hundred millions.

We see Christianity triumphant all along the line of the battle-field of life. She waves her banners, they are of light, they are of love ; she names her victories, they are over evil, they are all of peace ; she claims her trophies, they are sinners saved, they are souls redeemed ; she crowns her heroes, they are the good of earth, they are saints in Paradise. But she does not rest upon her laurels, reposing in contented contemplation of her well-won victories ; she is keenly conscious of how truly activity is a law of life ; she is still advancing over other fields of conquest toward the final fulfilment of her destiny—the evangelization of the world.

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"Your circular just received brings the good news that you are in the field again with a proposition to continue the publication of the cheap good books—*the e is already superabundnce of cheap bad ones*—for the year 1884. I am glad, thankful, hopeful. The good which must come from the circulation of such a number of books, choice and timely as those which have already appeared, is beyond the realm of computation. It must be true that good men and women will give the help which will insure success, if they can only be made to see the import of the undertaking. I pray that you may find all needful co-operation."

Rev. George F. Pentecost, Brooklyn, N. Y., writes *Nov.* 12, 1883:

"I know of no single publishing enterprise which I think is calculated to do so much good as this one of yours. You deserve the benediction of the whole public, and the hearty co-operation of the entire Christian Church. Good bless you in your effort to stamp out bad literature under the feet of good.

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Prof. G. E. Day, D.D., Yale College, New Haven, Conn., writes *Nov.* 14, 1883:

"Your aim, plan and good selection of books during this year all justify a warm interest in your undertaking. What better present could a parent make to a young son or daughter than a year's series of the instructive and elevating books you publish?"

H. M. Scudder, D.D., Chicago, writes *Nov.* 13, 1883:

"I rejoice in your great success in disseminating through your STANDARD LIBRARY a literature which is as interesting, instructive, pure and healthful as it is cheap, and I hope you will repeat your work in 1884."

Hon. S. S. Cox, New York, writes *Nov.* 8, 1883:

"The volumes of your STANDARD LIBRARY are neat and quaintly bound. They are as dainty outside as they are economic. Such merit and thought are seldom *unbound* so worthily."

Charles F. Deems, LL.D., New York, writes *Nov.* 14, 1883:

"Your aim is high and your method admirable. * * I am glad to give any help to those who are 'fighting fire.'"

Henry J. Van Dyke, D.D., Brooklyn, N. Y., writes *Nov.* 13, 1883:

"I am glad you propose to continue the effort to drive out the darkness of bad literature by letting in the light of the good. You have done good service in the past, and are entitled to the sympathy and support of all good men. Wholesome and cheap reading is as precious as pure air and sunshine. God prosper you in the work of providing it for all the people."

Wm. W. Taylor, D.D., New York, writes *Nov.* 15, 1883:

"It is not so much 'a fighting of fire with fire,' as a fighting of darkness with light, and that is always a glorious thing to do."

James Eells, D.D., Cincinnati, O., writes *Nov.* 12, 1883:

"I am glad to know that you propose to publish another series of books for the year 1884. If you furnish as good a series as that of 1883 the reading public will have not only reason to thank you, but to liberally sustain you in this purpose to supplant the bad with the good. It is of little use merely to denounce the bad."

Edward P. Ingersoll, D.D., Brooklyn, N. Y., writes *Nov.* 13, 1883:

"Continue your magnificent, philanthropic work. You have given us this year a 'solid pathway of good books 8½ feet wide across the continent.' In 1884 lay a double track. Your fresh, vigorous, sparkling books will win. Patriots, pastors, parents and teachers will give you their God-speed and support."

John P. Newman, D.D., New York, writes *Nov.* 13, 1883:

"I welcome to my home the STANDARD LIBRARY, both for instruction and entertainment. Your plan for 1884 exceeds in excellence, if possible, that of 1883. It appeals for support and approval to every patriot in the land. Your high and holy mission is to rescue and conserve the childhood of our republic."

Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts, A.M., New York, writes *Nov.* 12, 1883:

"Your STANDARD LIBRARY makes coffee as cheap as beer, that is, good books as cheap as bad ones, and this helps to checkmate an evil only second to rum selling—the sale of poisonous literature."

W. W. Everts, D.D., Jersey City Heights, N. J., writes *Nov.* 6, 1883:

"There is no adequate remedy against this formidable and growing evil of sensational literature without cheapening and multiplying good books. The success of your series of first-class books in 1883 assures a greater success in 1884. Let them be scattered like leaves of the forest, and they shall be for the healing of the land."

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Life of Cromwell.

OLIVER CROMWELL, his Life, Times, Battlefields, and Contemporaries; with copious Index. By PAXTON HOOD, author of "Christmas Evans," "Scottish Characteristics," etc. 12mo, 286 pp. Paper, 25 cents; fine cloth, $1.00.

New York Sun:
"Mr. Hood's biography is a positive boon to the mass of readers, because it presents a more correct view of the great soldier than any of the shorter lives published, whether we compare it with Southey's, Guizot's, or even Forster's."

New York Herald:
"The book is one of deep interest. The style is good, the analysis searching."

Pacific Churchman, San Francisco:
"The fairest and most readable of the numerous biographies of Cromwell."

Watchman, London, England:
"Mr. Hood's style is vivid, picturesque, and fascinating in no small degree. He portrays his hero's weakness as well as his strength."

Edinburgh (Scotland) **Daily Review:**
"The book deserves to take a place among the most charming and informing biographical literature."

Christian Union, New York:
"A valuable biography of Cromwell, told with interest in every part, and with such condensation and skill in arrangement that prominent events are made clear to all."

Episcopal Recorder, Philadelphia:
"An admirable and able life of Oliver Cromwell, of which we can unhesitatingly speak words of praise."

The Workman, Pittsburgh, Pa.:
"This book tells the story of Cromwell's life in a captivating way. It reads like a romance. The paper and printing are very attractive."

Science in Short Chapters.

SCIENCE IN SHORT CHAPTERS. By W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS, F.R.A.S., author of "The Fuel of the Sun," "Through Norway with a Knapsack," etc. A leading scientist in England. 12mo, 308 pp. Paper, 25 cents; fine cloth, $1.00.

Academy, London, England:
"Mr. Williams has presented these scientific subjects to the popular mind with much clearness and force. It may be read with advantage by those without special scientific training."

Christian Union, New York:
"Mr. Williams is well-known as a brilliant, original, and independent investigator of scientific phenomena."

Christian Advocate, New York:
"The style is free from technicalities, and the book will prove interesting and instructive to those who have not time to consult larger treatises."

Journal of Education, Boston:
"'Science in Short Chapters' supplies a growing want among a large class of busy people, who have not time to consult scientific treatises. Written in clear and simple style. Very interesting and instructive."

Graphic, London:
"Clear, simple, and profitable."

Newark (N.J.) **Daily Advertiser:**
"As an educator this book is worth a year's schooling, and it will go where schools of a high grade cannot penetrate.

Pall Mall Gazette, London:
"Original and of scientific value."

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The American Humorist.

THE AMERICAN HUMORIST. By Rev. H. R. HAWEIS, M.A., a distinguished clergyman of London, author of "Music and Morals," "Thoughts for the Times," etc. 12mo, 180 pp. Paper, 15 cents; fine cloth, 75 cents.

The Continent, Philadelphia:

"The book is one that will go far toward giving a true impression of many American characteristics. The price is astonishingly low for the quality of paper and binding used."

Danbury (Conn.) **News:**

"He gives a brief bibliographical sketch of each writer mentioned in the book, with copious extracts from the writings of each. An exceedingly entertaining book. Printed on clear paper, contains one hundred and eighty pages, and sells for 15 cents—the price of a good cigar!"

Indianapolis (Ind.) **Sentinel:**

"He presents, in fine setting, the wit and wisdom of Washington Irving, Oliver W. Holmes, James R. Lowell, Artemus Ward, Mark Twain, and Bret Harte, and does it *con amore*."

Occident, San Francisco:

"This book is pleasant reading, with sparkle enough in it—as the writer is himself a wit—to cure one of the 'blues.'"

Central Baptist, St. Louis:

"A perusal of this volume will give the reader a more correct idea of the character discussed than he would probably get from reading their biographies. The book is analytical, penetrative, terse, incisive, and candid. Will amply repay reading."

Christian Journal, Toronto:

"We have been specially amused with the chapter on poor Artemus Ward, which we read on a railway journey. We fear our fellow-passengers thought something ailed us, for laugh we did, in spite of all attempts to preserve a sedate appearance."

School Journal, New York:

"Terse and brief as the soul of wit itself."

Lives of Illustrious Shoemakers.

LIVES OF ILLUSTRIOUS SHOEMAKERS. By WILLIAM EDWARD WINKS. A book of "Self Help." 12mo, 281 pp. Paper, 25 cents; fine cloth, $1.00.

New York Herald:

"The sons of St. Crispin have always been noted for independence of thought in politics and in religion; and Mr. Winks has written a very readable account of the lives of the more famous of the craft. The book is quite interesting."

Boston Globe:

"A valuable book, containing much interesting matter and an encouragement to self-help."

Central Methodist, Kentucky:

"This is a choice work—full of fact and biography. It will be read with interest, more especially by that large class whose awl and hammer provide the human family with soles for their feet."

Western Christian Advocate, Cincinnati:

"When we first took up this volume we were surprised that anybody should attempt to make a book with precisely this form and title. But as we read its pages we were far more surprised to find them replete with interest and instruction. It should be sold by the scores of thousands."

The Western Mail, England:

"Written with taste and tact, in a graceful, easy style. A book most interesting to youth."

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Flotsam and Jetsam.

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM. A Yachtsman's Experience at Sea and Ashore. By THOMAS GIBSON BOWLES, Master Marine, with copious Index. 12mo, 266 pp. Paper, 25 cents; fine cloth, $1.00.

New York World:

"This series of reflections, some philosophic, others practical, and many humorous, make a cheerful and healthful little volume, made the more valuable by its index."

New York Herald:

"It is a clever book, full of quaint conceits and deep meditation. There is plenty of entertaining and original thought, and 'Flotsam and Jetsam' is indeed worth reading."

Saturday Review, England:

"Amusing and readable. * * * Among the successful books of this order must be classed that which Mr. Bowles has recently offered to the public."

Central Methodist, Cattlesburgh, Ky.:

"This is a romance of the sea, and is one of the most readable and enjoyable of books."

Methodist Recorder, Pittsburgh, Pa.:

"It fairly sparkles with fresh and original thoughts which cannot fail to interest and profit."

Herald and Presbyter, Cincinnati, Ohio:

"His manner of telling the story of his varied observations and experiences, with his reflections accompanying, is so easy and familiar, as to lend his pages a fascination which renders it almost impossible to lay down the book until it is read to the end."

The Highways of Literature.

THE HIGHWAYS OF LITERATURE; or, WHAT TO READ AND HOW TO READ. By DAVID PRYDE, M.A., LL.D., author of "Great Men of European History," etc. 12mo, 168 pp. Paper, 15 cents; fine cloth, 75 cents.

Pacific Churchman, San Francisco:

"The best answer we have seen to the common and most puzzling question, 'What shall I read?' Scholarly and beautiful."

Danbury News:

"Its hints, rules, and directions for reading are, just now, what thousands of people are needing."

New York Herald:

"Mr. Pryde, the author, is an erudite Scotchman who has taught with much success in Edinburgh. His hints on the best books and the best method of mastering them are valuable, and likely to prove of great practical use."

Zion's Herald:

"An admirably suggestive book upon 'How to Read,' and 'What to Read.' It is an excellent volume for our thoughtful young people."

Canadian Baptist, Toronto:

"The introductory chapter on the selection and the proper employment of books is worth far more than the book costs. The style is bright and clear. Eloquence, learning and common sense are happily blended."

New York Tablet:

"This is a most useful and interesting work. It consists of papers in which the author offers rules by which the reader may discover the best books, and be enabled to study them properly."

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Colin Clout's Calendar.

COLIN CLOUT'S CALENDAR. The Record of a Summer—April to October. By GRANT ALLEN, author of "Vignettes of Nature," etc. 12mo, 235 pp. Paper, 25 cents; fine cloth, $1.00.

Leeds Mercury, England:

"The best specimens of popular scientific expositions that we have ever had the good fortune to fall in with."

Edinburgh Scotsman, Scotland:

"There can be no doubt of Grant Allen's competence as a writer on natural history subjects."

New York Herald:

"A book that lovers of natural history will read with delight. The author is such a worshiper of nature that he gains our sympathy at once."

The Academy, London:

"The point in which Mr. Grant Allen is beyond rivalry is in his command of language. By this we do not mean only his rich vocabulary, but include also his arrangement of thought and his manipulation of sentences. We could imagine few better lessons to a pupil of English than to be set to analyze and explain the charm of Mr. Grant Allen's style."

Good Literature, New York:

"A trustworthy guide in natural history, as well as a delightful, entertaining writer."

American Reformer, New York:

"This book consists of short chapters upon natural history, written in an easy, fascinating style, giving rare and valuable information."

National Baptist, Phila.:

"Just the book to have at hand for the pleasant and easy study of natural history."

Charlotte Bronté.

AN HOUR WITH CHARLOTTE BRONTÉ; or, FLOWERS FROM A YORKSHIRE MOOR. By LAURA C. HOLLOWAY, author of "Ladies of the White House," etc. 12mo, 156 pp. Paper, 15 cents; fine cloth, 75 cents. The 75 cent edition contains a fine steel engraving of Charlotte Bronté.

Daily Advertiser, Newark, N. J.:

"There was but one Charlotte Bronté, as there was but one William Shakespeare. To write her life acceptably, one must have made it the study of years; have studied it in the integrity of all its relations, and considered it from the broadest as well as from the narrowest aspect. This is what Mrs. Holloway has done."

New York Herald:

"There are, at times, flights of eloquence that rise to grandeur."

Zion's Herald, Boston:

"This well-written sketch, with selections from her writings, will be appreciated, and give a clear idea of the remarkable intellectual ability of this gifted but heavily burdened woman."

American Reformer, New York:

"The brief sketch of the life of this rare woman is so sad that it makes a somber picture. But there is such a sweet spirit shining out in every place that it tinges the picture with a radiance almost supernal. No one can read the story of her life except to be charmed by the character of the patient sufferer. This, together with the extracts from her letters, prose and poetical works, makes a volume of rare interest."

Brooklyn Daily Eagle:

"Managed with the rare skill we might expect at the hands of a fair-minded woman dealing with the traits of character and the actual career of one who, amid extraordinary circumstances of adversity, plodded her way to fame within the span of a brief lifetime."

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